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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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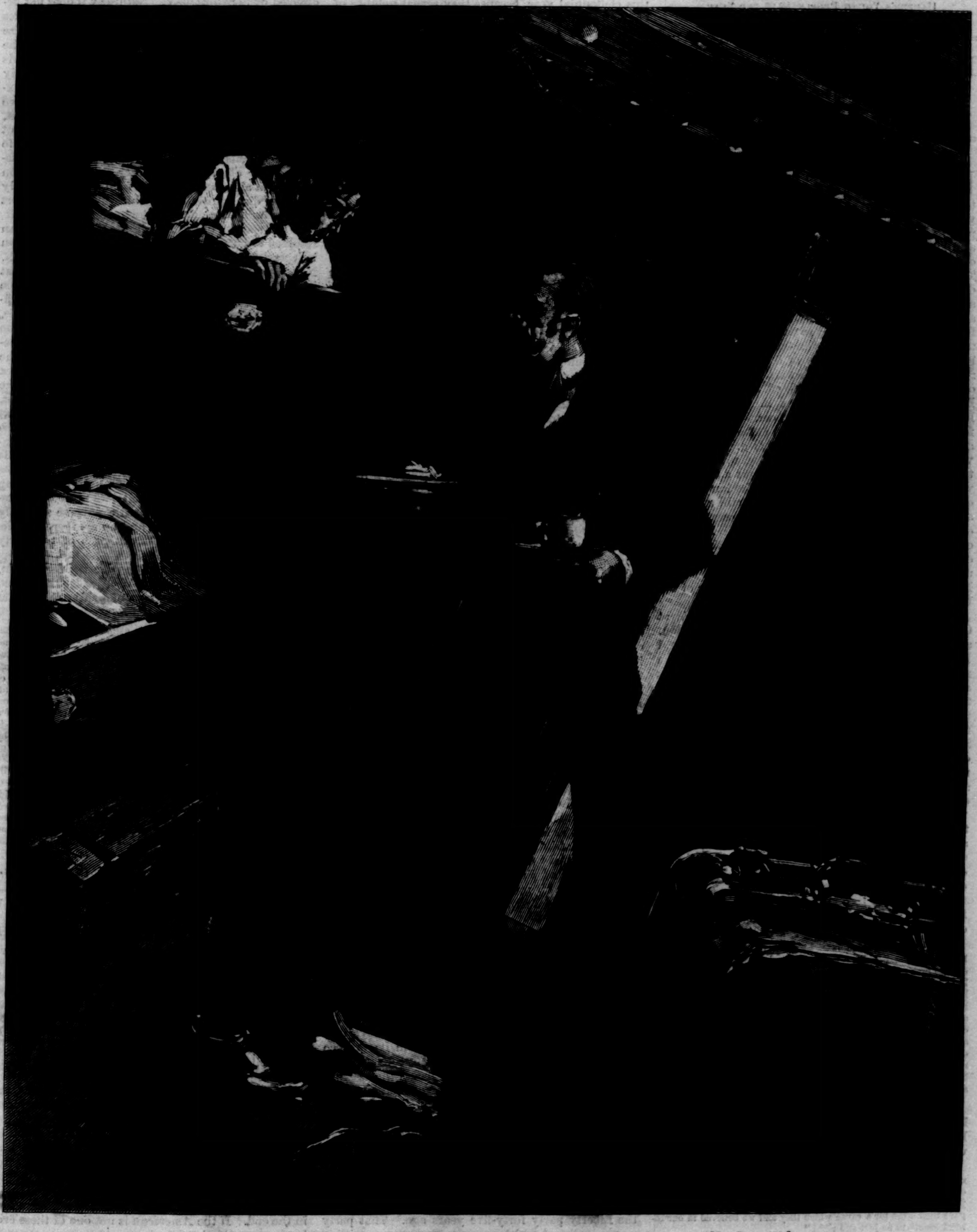

ON AN OCEAN STEAMER—THE FIRST BREAKFAST AT SEA.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 431.]

"Harper's Young People is unsurpassed among serials for children."
—*Saturday Review, London.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly for Boys and Girls.

In the number for May 28th, Dr. W. L. Savage *resumes his articles on "How Can I Get the Best of the Doctor?" The present article is devoted to the gymnasium, and the subject will be pursued in the next one.*

Mr. A. Alonzo Stagg *has a third paper on "Base-Ball," which treats of the "out-field." One more article will complete this series. An article on "Vandyck as a Painter of Children" is accompanied by two engravings. The principal illustration is a page entitled*

LITTLE BO-PEEP,

BY F. S. CHURCH, N.A.

In fiction the number contains instalments of two serials, and short stories by David Ker *and* R. K. Munkittrick.

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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DECORATION DAY.

It is nearly a quarter of a century since the civil war ended, and the observance of Decoration Day this year will probably be marred by no angry or vindictive word. That this should be so is not surprising, however unusual, since sincere and brave assailants of the Union were recently in its high official positions and are now among its legislators. There is no other instance in history of so radical a difference, so tenacious and prolonged a civil war, and so complete a subversion of social, industrial, and political institutions in parts of the same country, followed so immediately by so general acquiescence in the result, by so prosperous an industrial revival, and by such absolute extinction of desire or purpose of renewing the struggle. The wars of the Roses, and of the Stuart dynasty in England, the civil wars of France, and the religious wars in Germany, were long intermittent. The old fires occasionally flamed forth. In 1642 Charles the First unfurled his standard at Nottingham, and in 1746 his great-grandson was fighting for the crown at Culloden. But with the surrender of General Lee there was a conviction which presently became a manly confession that the cause was lost. Bitterness of feeling still survived, and the alienation is still sometimes expressed, especially by women in the Southern States. But without any renunciation of faith in the justice of the cause which they maintained with unquestioned and unquestionable courage, the most uncompromising leaders of that cause are most faithful friends of the Union.

A late speech of General Wade Hampton's at Charleston is a striking illustration of this situation, and it was uttered at a seasonable moment. General Hampton might be cited as a representative of the most radical Confederate sentiment, and his words at the time of the nomination of Horatio Seymour for the Presidency, twenty years ago, seemed to reveal to the Northern mind a spirit which promised trouble for the future. However that may have been, his late address at the dedication of the German Confederate Monument shows that the last spark which might have deepened into flame has expired. His speech is full of tender regard for his old Confederate comrades in the field, and especially for those who "gave their lives as martyrs for a principle as dear to them as life itself." But that principle was only an interpretation of a political instrument, and of certain historical incidents. Radical and sincere differences in regard to it could be settled in one way only. But once made in that way the settlement was final, and not to be doubted nor honorably reopened. Senator Hampton, like Mr. Lamar at the unveiling of the statue of Calhoun, says, unequivocally:

> "The questions which brought about that unhappy war have been settled, and he is no true patriot who would strive to rekindle the fires of sectional hate, or to reopen the wounds which the kind hand of time has healed. No higher duty can inspire the heart of every patriot than that which impels him to devote all his energies of mind and body to make this country worthy the admiration and respect of the world; the fit home for all time to come of American freemen. The duty devolves on us of the South as urgently as upon any other citizens of this broad land, for whatever may have been the issues which brought about civil war, we must remember that now all—North, South, East and West—have but one country and one Constitution, to both of which our allegiance is due."

This is not the tone of the Jacobite pledging the king over the water, and intriguing for his return. It is the simple statement of a sincere Confederate, who justly adds:

> "But while we of the South recognize this fact fully, it does not follow that we should refuse to do honor to the memory of our dead comrades. The men who met us in battle would feel a just contempt for us were we base enough to forget those who gave their lives for a cause which they and we believed in our inmost hearts to be just and right."

In speaking of the Confederate veterans, Senator Hampton says that there is no overflowing treasury from which they can be pensioned. "All was staked on the issue, and all was lost." He says that he has

> "no words of censure for the liberality of the North in granting pensions to her soldiers; the feeling that prompts this course is natural, proper, and generous, and upon every occasion my support has been freely given in the Senate to applications of this sort made in deserving cases. Had the conditions of the great civil war been reversed, we should have dealt as generously with our disabled veterans as the North has done with hers. But as losers in the great struggle we must accept the inevitable results of defeat."

These are the manly words of a brave soldier and statesman. They are an illustration of that honest acquiescence in a defeat which overthrew institutions as well as armies, and of that unrepining devotion to the arduous tasks that follow such defeat, which are among the chief causes of national congratulation in this centennial year, because they reveal nobility of character. Could the best and bravest of the boys in blue, whose graves will blossom anew on Decoration Day, and whose memories are cherished with undying affection, have foreseen these real and vital results of their sacrifice, they could not have made that sacrifice with greater heroism, but they would have known that in the highest sense it was not in vain.

PARTIES AND POLICIES.

A Convention of delegates from the Southern States is called to meet at Chattanooga in June to form a Southern Protective Tariff League. The design of the movement apparently is to organize protectionists in those States to vote together upon questions affecting the tariff, and it is understood that when a protectionist Democrat shall be elected to Congress he shall vote with the Republicans upon such questions. This is a droll proposition, and involves an extraordinary view of parties. The tariff is a question so important that it was the chief issue of the late election. It is therefore an issue upon which the country should divide into parties, since a party is but a voluntary association of those who hold a common conviction and aim at a common policy. To suppose a party composed both of the friends and the opponents of a fundamental national policy upon the tariff—a party of protectionist Democrats and free-trade Democrats—is as absurd as to imagine in 1860 a party of pro-slavery and antislavery Republicans. If the policy announced in President Cleveland's message of 1887 be the policy of the Democratic party, Mr. Randall, upon any intelligible theory of party, is no more a Democrat than Robert Toombs was a Republican.

Colonel A. S. Colyar, of Tennessee, in a letter to the *Herald*, insists that the Democratic party was never a "high" protection party, but a party of "discriminating protection." In fact, he holds its policy to have been substantially a revenue tariff with incidental protection, and that in 1884 and 1888 in the Democratic Convention "the party recognized the doctrine of protection." That a party or party leaders should differ radically as to a fundamental principle or policy of the party is, as the French say, an impossible situation. If Mr. Randall and Mr. Colyar are both Democrats, there is no Democratic policy upon the tariff. Democratic Senators and Representatives who should go to Congress with the intention of voting with the Republicans upon tariff questions would acknowledge practically that upon the chief issue in the late election their party has no common principle or policy. In other words, they would admit that the party had been beaten in defence of a policy which it does not favor. Nothing could be more ludicrous, except the fact that unquestionably Mr. Randall and Mr. Colyar are both acknowledged as Democrats.

This is a striking illustration of the curious situation mentioned by Mr. Bryce, that American parties do not represent political convictions. Thirty years ago a man who was opposed to the extension of slavery into the Territories was necessarily a Republican, because restriction was the declared and unanimous Republican policy. But to-day a frank protectionist may still be a Democrat. On the other hand, there are Republicans who believe with Garfield in a protection which ultimates in free-trade. In this uncertain relation of issues to parties it is not surprising that there are those who earnestly advise a reconstruction of parties upon grounds of actual agreement. The number of those who believe that civil service reform takes precedence in importance of all other questions, and who think that it is useless to expect real reform from either of the existing parties, is rapidly increasing. The conviction of the importance of the issue has been stimulated by the alarming increase of the use of money in elections, and the fact that the spoils system makes the salaries of the civil service—a sum of more than sixty millions of dollars—a huge bribery fund at every election. For this corruption civil service reform offers a prompt and effective remedy, and there are active reformers who are ready to take the stand taken by the Liberty party forty-five years ago. That party was a rally of antislavery men who were willing to stand up and be counted in politics. These are all significant signs of the times. Meanwhile in both parties there are earnest men who are trying to make their party adopt a distinctive policy either of tariff reform or of reform in the civil service. But parties are not arbitrarily adjusted to great issues. They are made by them.

REPUBLICAN CRITICS OF THE PRESIDENT.

The Philadelphia *American* is a journal warmly devoted to the interests of the Republican party, very contemptuous of mugwumps, and very severe upon the methods of civil service reform which are advocated by the local associations and the National League. But it is hostile to the spoils system, which it would correct doubtless in some way of its own, and it has never supported the party machine in Pennsylvania directed by Senator Quay. Naturally it does not believe that an engineer whose control of State politics it holds to be discreditable and demoralizing is a wise director of the conduct of the Chief Executive. The *American* was an original Harrison paper. In this respect it dates from "'way back," and probably antedates upon this point all Republican papers except those in Indiana. It would, we suppose, have preferred Mr. Harrison as the candidate in 1884, although it faithfully supported Mr. Blaine. But whether the ascendency of Mr. Quay in the White House councils, or some difference of view as to selections for office, or some other and occult reason may have alienated the *American*, it has certainly not been distinguished for "thick and thin" support of the administration since the inauguration.

It has spoken, in fact, not in the tone of a partisan resolved to put a good face on everything, but of an independent observer determined to tell the truth. Nevertheless, it is as an independent Republican that it speaks, and in a late issue its remarks upon "The Critical Days of the Administration," with an exception that we shall mention, are exceedingly sensible, and may be wisely heeded by the administration. The *American* says it is indisputable that the most noticeable result of the change of administration is the clamorous prominence of office-seekers. This is not worse perhaps than it was four years ago. But the conditions are very different. It is the Republican, not the Democratic, party which is concerned, and it is a time when the need of reform is beginning to be clearly seen. Nobody, it says, not even the mugwumps, expected as much of Mr. Cleveland as is exacted of Mr. Harrison, and the reason it suggests is that the Republican party "offers itself as having a moral character; its opponent does not." The Republicans, it says, have declared a purpose sincerely to reform the civil service, and unless there be adequate performance, the condemnation of the party will follow.

The *American* thinks that the demand for reform, which did not exist in the time of the elder Harrison, "has made a new atmosphere of politics," and that the President knows this; and it proceeds:

> "Beset as he is, the clamor of his assailants has certainly not changed his mind since he declared how much he would prefer not to have any function of distributing 'patronage.' But he has need to understand the case most distinctly and to regard it most seriously. His administration, so far, trembles in the scale of public judgment. It has been characterized by some appointments of decided merit. But these have appeared rather as fortunate exceptions, and not as the clear and definite results of a settled plan. It is uncertain, therefore, what may follow. It is uncertain whether they may not be completely overwhelmed by the record of such improprieties as Mr. Clarkson's proscription of the minor postmasters, and the assumed dictatorship of Mr. Quay in Pennsylvania, Mr. Platt in New York, and Mr. Mahone in Virginia. An occasional good act will not offset occasional bad ones: much less will some good appointments in minor places overshadow an evil system applied to large portions of the public service. Excellent as it is to put two good men in the Civil Service Commission, and extort the unwilling praise of those who mean to condemn him in the end, General Harrison cannot rest his administration on these. He must do much more."

As a general statement this is true. But the *American* destroys all its force by the words "those who mean to condemn him in the end." This is a fling at independents or mugwumps. But we are very sure that mugwumps hold the very views which the *American* forcibly expresses, namely, that one good act will not offset many bad ones, and that some good appointments will not overshadow an evil system largely applied to the public service. Should this happen, independent and sensible critics undoubtedly mean to condemn in the end, while the *American's* sneer implies that it means to praise. It warns the President that nobody in the party is willing to tell him of the danger of this course. But why is it dangerous unless it is to be condemned in the end? If the party press and party politicians, the cabinet and the leaders, all of whom, the *American* says, are now "silent," are not going to condemn, but to approve and support, why should the President be warned or alarmed? The *American* says to him that "these are days of immense importance." But they are of no importance to him whatever, unless those who believe that "an occasional good act will not offset occasional bad ones" mean to condemn him in the end. If the *American* is not one of these critics, its warning is ridiculous. If it is, its sneer is silly.

CONFISCATING THE PARKS.

It was considered a great victory for the welfare of the people of the city of New York when the law was passed which authorized the opening of more parks within the city limits. Such open spaces for recreation are well called breathing-places, and nothing is more indicative of a humane civilization than the increase in a community of all forms of sanitary resources, such as parks and baths. Among the offences of the late Legislature, whose disgraceful record will be long remembered, was the refusal to postpone the work on the new municipal building until June of next year. The object of the delay was to secure fuller and more general consideration of a project so important, and which involved the obliteration of a large part of the open space of the City Hall Park which still remains. The ruin of the Battery is also sought by the Elevated Railroad Company, and in such Legislatures as that which has just adjourned the authority for completing the ruin could be probably easily obtained. *Garden and Forest* well describes these projects as *the confiscation of the public parks.* But there seems to be little feeling upon the subject, except that some of the daily journals have warmly opposed the devastation. The destruction, therefore, will probably proceed.

An act passed in 1888 authorized the construction of a new municipal building on a site not within the park. When the building should be completed, some of the buildings now obstructing the park were to be removed, and the open space restored to the public. But the late unhappy Legislature repealed this bill, authorized the absorption of a large part of the present limited open space, and, as we have said, refused to delay the consummation of the outrage until the matter could be considered further. The passage of such a law was not demanded by any general or intelligent opinion in the city. There is no need of such action, because if the city does not already own a suitable site, it can readily buy it. The building will not only occupy space which ought to be reserved, but while it will practically complete the destruction of the park, it will also destroy the effect of one of the few architecturally fine buildings in the city—the City Hall. This wanton ruin of the park and of the City Hall, which is apparently now to occur, shows the wisdom and the necessity of withstanding the first steps of encroachment upon public grounds. Tweed's Court-house, the monument of colossal jobbery, occupies a large part; the Post-office occupies another; the Register's office and other buildings obstruct another part; and when the seven-storied mass of building which is now contemplated stretches from Chambers Street to the City Hall, the "park" will have become a name and a tradition, and in its place we shall have enormous and shapeless monuments of reckless greed and the total want of public spirit.

The same public indifference will doubtless yield to the first crafty and powerful invasion of Central Park. As *Garden and Forest* plainly states the fact: "The time has not arrived when the people of the city realize that open spaces are quite as essential to health and comfort as solid blocks of building, or they would never consent to see their property destroyed in this way. . . . The blowing up of a few million dollars' worth of buildings would be a less serious loss to the city than the obliteration of the Battery and the City Hall Park." If, as is alleged, the bill authorizing this destruction of the park was introduced at the suggestion of the Mayor, he has instigated the perpetration of a great wrong upon the poorer people of the city. The *World* calls upon him in their name to postpone action under the law, and insists that he cannot refuse such a concession to public opinion. But the Mayor has announced frankly his complete subservience to Tammany Hall, not to public opinion, and unless Tammany intervenes, the destruction will proceed.

ILLITERACY AND IMMIGRATION.

The Philadelphia *Telegraph*, quoting the State census of Massachusetts in 1885, which shows that the commonwealth "contains more illiterates in proportion to the number of inhabitants in the State than any other commonwealth," asks why the immigration laws, which in certain cases exclude highly educated clergymen as contract laborers, should not exclude vicious and demoralizing ignorance? Ignorant people, it says, are by no means always or necessarily vicious, but as a rule vice is more common among the ignorant than among the intelligent.

The facts in Massachusetts are explained by the statement that the native-born citizens are generally fairly well educated. The vast hordes of illiterates who overrun the State are aliens and largely under twenty years of age, the greater number of them being under ten years old. This mass is composed mainly of Irish and French Canadian immigrants. Of the latter those who can neither read nor write are legion, and those who can do either are singular exceptions. There is an apparent indifference to education upon the part of this population, which is as striking and general as the desire of it among native Americans.

The moral of these facts is evident. In no country is general education so indispensable as in that where every man is a voter. But not only are almost all men voters in this country, but the Irish part of the population mentioned has a peculiar taste for political offices and employments. The question of illiteracy becomes, therefore, of peculiar importance, and the inquiry of the *Telegraph* is at least pertinent. If alien paupers, criminals, and contract laborers, including educated specialists, are to be excluded by our immigration laws, why should they not take some account of illiteracy? The question is wholly one of expediency, and there is evidently a disposition to consider its proper range.

LETTERS OF THE LATE PRESIDENT BARNARD.

It is earnestly requested that all persons having in their possession letters from the late President of Columbia College, Frederick A. P. Barnard, send them to Professor Nicholas Murray Butler, Columbia College, New York, U. S. A., at their early convenience. The letters will be returned after copies have been made.

DICERS' OATHS.

When Mayor Grant, in accepting the nomination last autumn, said, "I pledge myself to be guided solely by a determination to secure for the people the highest order of public servants," and to "prescribe no other test than honesty and special capacity for the offices to be filled," was it supposed that he really meant what he said? Having been trained by Tammany, and nominated by Tammany, and Tammany being perfectly well known, and Mr. Grant having had ample opportunity to show his character, courage, and independence in public office, was it seriously believed that he would not wear the Tammany collar?

When the Republican Convention solemnly pledged the party to keep its pledge that "the spirit and purpose of reform should be observed in all executive appointments," was it supposed that if the party carried the election its pledge would be honestly redeemed? Or was this engagement with the country understood to be mere political thimblerigging? When President Harrison, in accepting the nomination, declared, as the principle of his action in the event of his election, "only the interest of the public service should suggest removals from office," was it understood that his declaration was to be believed, as any statement made by him to a neighbor would be believed, and that he would not permit mere partisan removals?

When Washington said, "Should it be my fate to administer the government, I will go to the chair under no pre-engagement of any kind or nature whatever; and when in it I will, to the best of my judgment, discharge the duties of that office with that impartiality and zeal for the public good which ought never to suffer connections of blood or friendship to have the least sway on decisions of a public nature," was there a man in the country who did not know that as surely as Washington was inaugurated his action would be inflexibly guided, as it was guided, by the principles he professed? And when the promises of conventions and the pledges of candidates are understood to be mere dicers' oaths, is it surprising that to tell the truth of Washington is felt to be the stern rebuke of modern politicians?

A GLIMPSE OF ENGLISH POLITICS.

The movement to merge the Liberal Unionist party in England with the Tory party is natural, because upon the paramount issue in English politics the two parties are agreed. Moreover, the result has shown that the Liberal Unionists are really seceders from the old Liberal party, and as that party has declared more and more definitely for home-rule, it is evident that the Liberal Unionists cannot acquire control of it. They are a convenient ally for the Tories, and as their separate organization embarrasses the common purpose, a complete union until that common purpose is achieved seems plausible.

The significant fact in the situation is the identification of the great body of the Liberal party with the party of home-rule. For the first time one of the great English parties makes Irish home-rule its distinctive policy, and as that party is the aggressive and progressive and generally dominant party, the ultimate establishment of home-rule would seem to be assured. In that event, Liberal Unionists who cannot accept the Tory view of all politics, or the reactionary and obstructive spirit of Toryism, would drift back into their old party relations.

The situation shows the just prescience of Mr. Gladstone in pronouncing for home-rule. The sentiment of his party was unconsciously ripe or ripening for so signal a "new departure," and substantially it has created a new party. It becomes plainer every day that whether or not he lives to see his triumph, the party which he leads will persist until that triumph is achieved.

IMPERFECT FORESIGHT.

Mr. James A. Briggs sends to the *Tribune* a paragraph from the Boston *Courier* of June 27, 1827, then edited by Joseph T. Buckingham, one of the ablest and most liberal of New England editors. It was but sixty-two years ago that he thus spoke of the projected railroad from Boston to Albany:

> "Alcibiades, or some other great man of antiquity, it is said, cut off his dog's tail that *quidnuncs* might not become extinct from want of excitement. Some such motive, we doubt not, moved one or two of our natural and experimental philosphers to get up a project for a railroad from Boston to Albany—a project which every one knows, who knows the simplest rule in arithmetic, to be impracticable, and at an expense little less than the market value of the whole territory of Massachusetts; and which, if practicable, every person of common-sense knows would be as useless as a railroad from Boston to the moon."

The road was built, and there is no more prosperous road in the country.

Mr. Briggs, in quoting this amusing paragraph, adds another illustration to the folly of this kind of argument from anticipation. The chief objections to the adoption of the Constitution a hundred years ago have been shown by experience to be unfounded, while the one point which passed without criticism, the system of Presidential elections, proved to be the most unsatisfactory of all its provisions. In the same way every proposed reform is opposed by lugubrious or whimsical anticipations. When Romilly proposed to abolish hanging for stealing a pocket-handkerchief, the law officers of the crown said that the reform would endanger the whole criminal law of England. When the bill abolishing the slave-trade passed the House of Lords, Lord St. Vincent stalked out, declaring that he washed his hands of the ruin of the British Empire. The old Greenwich pensioners, when they saw a steamer upon the Thames, protested that it was contrary to nature. Under Charles II. there was a fierce opposition to street lamps. Mr. Buckingham might have recalled Jefferson's remark, when New York explored the route for a canal, that it was defensible in theory, and was a fine project that might be executed a century hence; or, still more to the point, the sage observation of Chancellor Livingston in 1811, that a railroad shod with iron to move heavy weights four miles an hour was ingenious and perhaps theoretically defensible, but, upon the whole, the road would not be so cheap or convenient as a canal.

Our hindsight perpetually laughs at our foresight, but we go on, and vaticinations like these are really regarded as arguments. But there is another strain which in this year we may fitly recall. As soon as the Revolution ended, Washington made a tour, which he describes in a letter, through Lakes George and Champlain to Crown Point, then up the Mohawk River to Fort Schuyler, crossing over to Wood Creek, which, emptying into Oneida Lake, affords a waterway to Ontario. Then he went to the eastern branch of the Susquehannah, and saw the Lake of Otsego, and the portage at Canajoharie between that lake and the Mohawk River. He made no prophecy, but he adds that when he saw the vast opportunities opened by nature to this happy country, he could only say, "Would to God we may have wisdom enough to improve them!" Edward Everett happily quoted this letter at a great meeting in Boston to promote the completion of the subscription to build the railroad which Mr. Buckingham eight years before knew not only to be impracticable but as useless as a railroad to the moon, and whose stock on the 9th of March of this year sold at 214 to 216—a higher price than that of any other railroad stock in the country.

PERSONAL.

Dr. William Bunsen, the famous Professor of Chemistry at the University of Heidelberg, has withdrawn from active life, after more than thirty-five years of teaching. He is still a familiar figure on the streets of the ancient city, and in appearance is the typical German scholar. On his tall, slender, and stooped form hang clothes long out of style, glasses rest on his nose, and a dark beard sprinkled with gray covers his face. Dr. Bunsen has been long known for his absent-mindedness, and as he takes his daily walks he rarely sees or acknowledges the respectful greetings given him.

—Sir Julian Pauncefote, the new English Minister, is a fine technical musician, and in his younger days used to compose and play the piano with considerable skill.

—The Misses Chattaway, for many years the gentle custodians of Shakespeare's birthplace, and the collection of relics at Stratford-on-Avon, are soon to resign their post. The number of visitors to Stratford has grown steadily, until last year it reached seventeen thousand, and the sisters do not feel strong enough to continue their duties. They are the daughters of a local banker, and being left in straitened circumstances by the failure of their father, were appointed to their present place by the Town Council eighteen years ago.

—Mrs. Vice-President Morton and her daughter have gone to Europe.

—Mrs. Ward, the author of *Robert Elsmere*, is helping organize an anti-woman suffrage society in England.

—Miss Clymer, the young lady who is engaged to ex-Secretary Bayard, is well known in Washington society, and is described as an accomplished and most charming woman. Her brother is Professor of English Literature in Harvard College, and her father, the late Dr. George Clymer, was for many years a surgeon in the navy. Miss Clymer is thirty-nine years old, and is a distant relative of the Bayard family, with whom she has been acquainted all her lifetime. She is a fine horseback rider, and this, perhaps, helped to commend her to the ex-Secretary, whose favorite form of exercise is well known.

—The wife of the Marquis of Lorne is a painter and sculptor of unusual cleverness.

—Not many years ago, C. H. Chappell, General Manager of the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad, and one of the most successful railroad managers in this country, was a green young brakeman on another Western line. He solved the method of "sawing by" two long trains on a short side track, when older heads were puzzling over the problem, and this exhibition of braininess was the beginning of his advance.

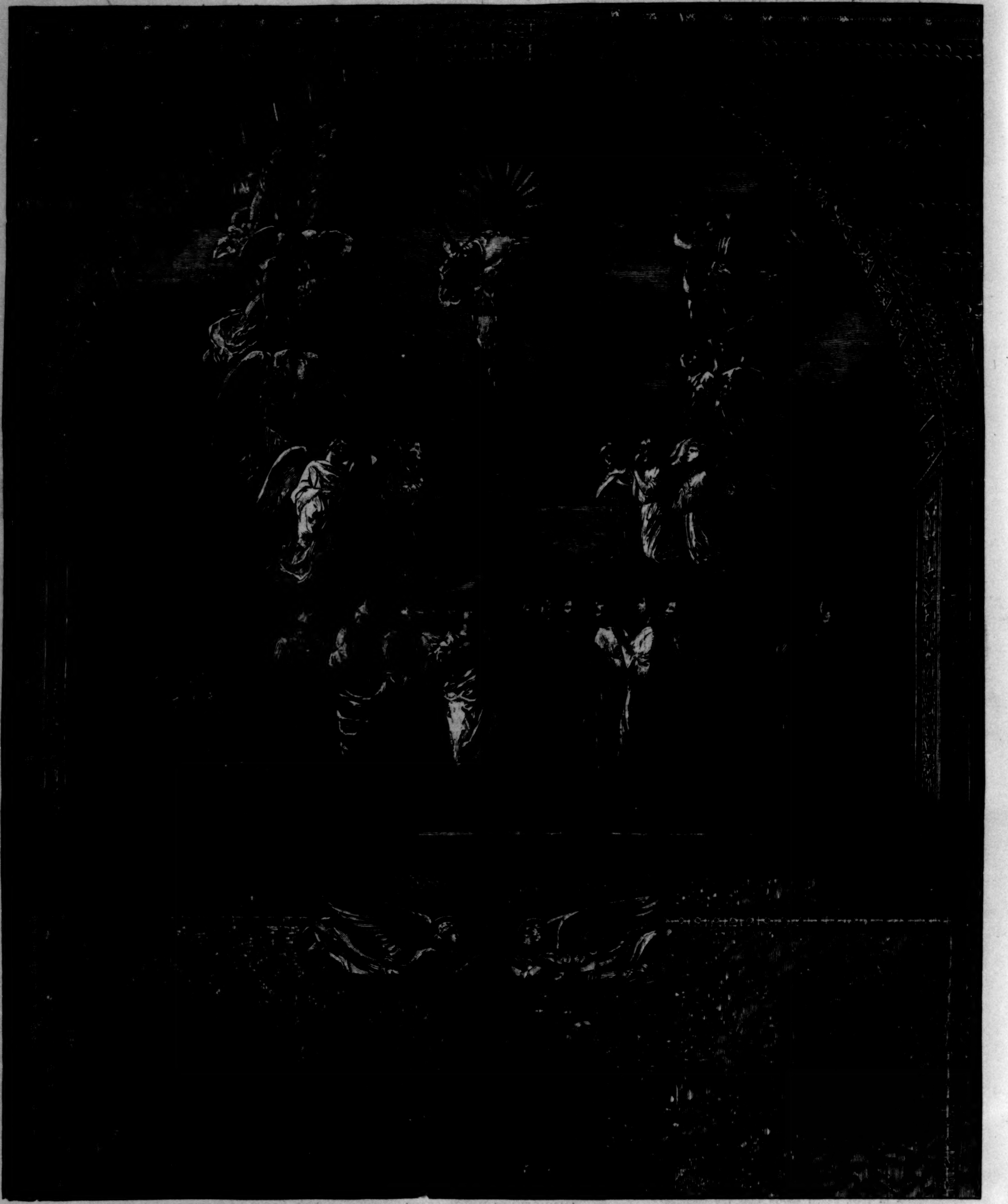
—One of the most efficient postmasters in the country is Mrs. Thompson, who presides over the post-office at Louisville, Kentucky. Her salary is $4000 a year, and she has held her place for eight years. She is a daughter of Alexander Campbell, the founder of the Campbellite sect of Baptists.

—Lieutenant Henn and his wife, who came over here in the yacht *Galatea* several seasons ago to contend for the *America's* Cup, are to spend the summer along the shores of Ireland, their yacht accompanying them.

—Republican deaf-mutes aspire to be office-holders, and J. F. J. Tresch, President of the National Republican League of Deaf-Mutes, has visited Washington to see about the matter.

—Tolstoï, the Russian novelist, cares little for pleasant surroundings in his study. The floor is bare, and the furniture consists of an immense table littered with papers, a smaller table covered with pamphlets, a chair, and an old lounge. The only hangings on the walls are two wooden rakes, which the novelist uses in his garden, and a great-coat, while a wooden spade stands in the corner.

—A valuable estate was saved to Jefferson Davis during the war by the fidelity and shrewdness of "Ben" Montgomery, a former slave. Three great cotton plantations, known as "the Hurricanes," at the lower end of Warren County, Mississippi, were owned by the Davises and practically managed by Montgomery at the opening of the war. In 1863, when the slaves were emancipated, the property was "sold" to Montgomery "for $300,000 in gold," and the title given him saved the estates from confiscation by Federal agents. He raised fine crops of cotton, corn, and hay, and grew to be one of the richest colored men in the South. In 1875 Mr. Davis received the property back, and it now yields him a handsome income, although he prefers to live at Beauvoir, his pretty sea-shore home.



"THE ASCENSION."—FROM THE MURAL PAINTING BY JOHN LA FARGE, IN THE APSE OF THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, NEW YORK.

"THE ASCENSION" BY LA FARGE.

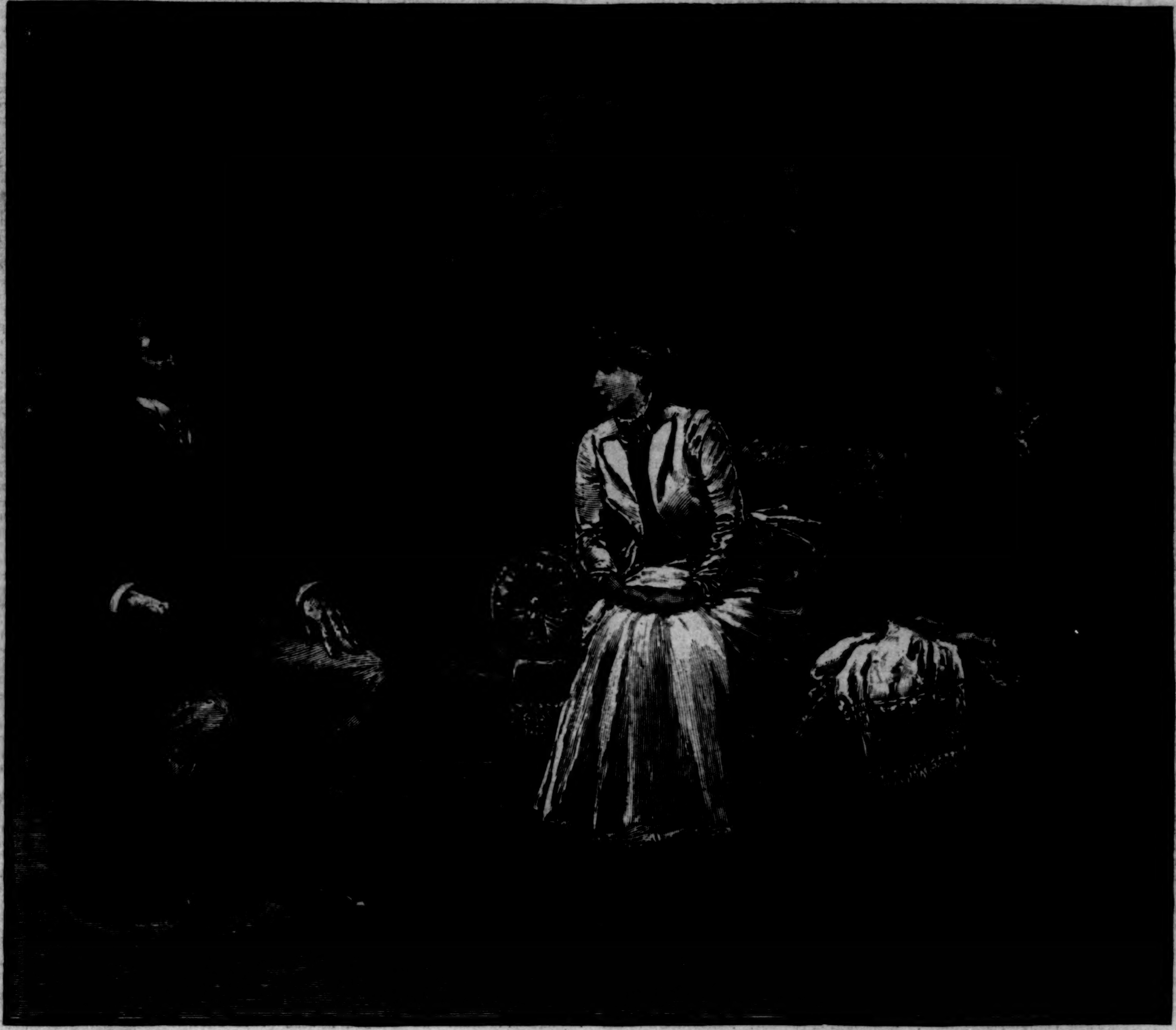
ONE often hears nowadays the remark that the fine arts approach religion. However true this may be in some respects, it does not extend to individual ministers of religion and professors of art, for their views and perhaps their natures are very distinct one from the other. Artists are wont to complain that the clergy, who, by virtue of their sacerdotal office, are wedded to forms and formulas consecrated by tradition, do not lend their churches to work that represents what is best and newest in modern art. There is something in this grievance, but perhaps a portion of the blame rests on the artist. It might be not unfairly demanded that the latter should accept the problem as it is offered, and strive to express what he thinks best in modern art within the limits fixed by the clergy. Undoubtedly it takes a very strong artistic nature to produce satisfactory results under such disadvantages, but the artist who can do so receives honor for the feat, and gains, it may be, additional power as a result of the struggle to express himself within the lines prescribed.

The mural painting on canvas executed by Mr. John La Farge for the apse of the Church of the Ascension on Fifth Avenue, may well have benefited by some such struggle. The subject is of necessity conventional; the composition on its largest lines has to conform to what the gospels report; there are certain conventions forced on such a picture by the works of old masters in Italy, who in their day received a yet more rigid tradition from the East. The question, then, is, how has the artist wrought on these main lines so as to lose nothing that is important from the old usage, and yet add something valuable of his own? If he has merely repeated the tradition and added nothing, he may be called conscientious; but if he has preserved all the essentials and stamped the picture as his own, he may fairly be said to have established a claim to mastership in his profession.

But there were other limitations imposed on the artist in this case besides those inherent in the subject. The apse of the Church of the Ascension is not round, but square; it is also very shallow, and receives light only from windows high up on both sides, along the plane of the clere-story windows above the nave. The management of the whole apse was not given to him, but his painting was expected to agree with a reredos designed by Mr. Stanford White the architect, which contains mosaics by Mr. Maitland Armstrong, and is surmounted by two flying angels modelled in the highest relief by Mr. Louis St.-Gaudens. What Mr. La Farge has tried to do under these circumstances is to suggest an enormous window edged by the gilt frame designed by Mr. White, through which one sees in an ideal landscape of a mountainous character the eleven apostles gathered together in a group, the Virgin with uplifted hands on the right, the two "witnesses" clad in white raiment on the left, and Christ soaring upward between ranks of kneeling angels. The difficulty of conflicting lights he has solved as best may be. The difficulty of the flying angels just below the picture is not solved at all. The harsh angles of the square apse have been suppressed in part by carrying the frame in a semicircle above. How he has met the demand for a traditional composition, and for painting which shall be architectural, if that term may stand—that is to say, painting which departs from easel-work, and holds its own on great wall spaces in buildings of dignified parts—may best be learned by considering the genesis of the picture.

The small cut is a sketch made long ago for a stained-glass window. It was seen by the rector of the Church of the Ascension and admired. Glass having been eliminated from the scheme,

(*Continued on page 430.*)



"She looked him full in the face, brilliantly smiling, and intentionally beautiful."

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.[*]

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART SECOND.

V.

"SHE *is?*" cried Alma. "Tchk!" She flew down-stairs, and flitted swiftly into the room, and fluttered up to Beaton, and gave him a crushing hand-shake.

"How *very* kind of you to come and see us, Mr. Beaton! When did you come to New York? Don't you find it warm here? We've only just lighted the furnace, but with this mild weather it seems too early. Mamma *does* keep it so hot!" She rushed about opening doors and shutting registers, and then came back and sat facing him from the sofa with a mask of radiant cordiality. "How *have* you been since we saw you?"

"Very well," said Beaton. "I hope you're well, Miss Leighton?"

"Oh, *perfectly!* I think New York agrees with us both wonderfully. I never knew such air. And to think of our not having snow yet! I should think everybody would want to come here! Why don't *you* come, Mr. Beaton?"

Beaton lifted his eyes and looked at her. "I—I live in New York," he faltered.

"In New York *city!*" she exclaimed.

"Surely, Alma," said her mother, "you remember Mr. Beaton's telling us he lived in New York."

"But I thought you came from Rochester; or was it Syracuse? I always get those places mixed up."

"Probably I told you my father lived at Syracuse. I've been in New York ever since I came home from Paris," said Beaton, with the confusion of a man who feels himself played upon by a woman.

"From Paris!" Alma echoed, leaning forward, with her smiling mask tight on. "Wasn't it Munich, where you studied?"

"I was at Munich too. I met Wetmore there."

"Oh, *do* you know Mr. Wetmore?"

"Why, Alma," her mother interposed again, "it was Mr. Beaton who *told* you of Mr. Wetmore."

"Was it? Why, yes, to be sure. It was Mrs. Horn suggested Mr. Ilcomb. I remember now. I can't thank you enough for *having* sent me to Mr. Wetmore, Mr. Beaton. Isn't he delightful? Oh yes, I'm a perfect Wetmorian, I can assure you. The whole class is the same way."

"I just met him and Mrs. Wetmore at dinner," said Beaton, attempting the recovery of something that he had lost through the girl's shining ease and steely sprightliness. She seemed to him so smooth and hard, with a repellent elasticity from which he was flung off. "I hope you're not working too hard, Miss Leighton?"

"Oh no! I enjoy every minute of it, and grow stronger on it. Do I look very much wasted away?" She looked him full in the face, brilliantly smiling, and intentionally beautiful.

"No," he said, with a slow sadness; "I never saw you looking better."

"Poor Mr. Beaton!" she said, in recognition of his doleful tone. "It seems to be quite a blow."

"Oh no—"

"I remember all the good advice you used to give me about not working too hard, and probably it's that that's saved my life—that and the house-hunting. Has mamma told you of our adventures in getting settled? Some time we must. It was such fun! And didn't you think we were fortunate to get such a pretty house? You must see both our parlors."

She jumped up, and her mother followed her with a bewildered look as she ran into the back parlor and flashed up the gas.

"Come in here, Mr. Beaton. I want to show you the great feature of the house." She opened the low windows that gave upon a glazed veranda stretching across the end of the room. "Just think of this in New York! You can't see it very well at night, but when the southern sun pours in here all the afternoon—"

"Yes, I can imagine it," he said. He glanced up at the bird-cage hanging from the roof. "I suppose Gypsy enjoys it."

"You remember Gypsy?" she said; and she made a cooing, kissing little noise up at the bird, who responded drowsily. "Poor old Gypsum! Well, he *sha'n't* be disturbed. Yes, it's Gyp's delight; and Colonel Woodburn likes to write here in the morning. Think of us having a real live author in the house! And Miss Woodburn: I'm so glad you've seen her! They're Southern people."

"Yes, that was obvious in her case."

"From her accent? Isn't it fascinating? I didn't believe I could ever endure Southerners, but we're like one family with the Woodburns. I should think you'd want to paint Miss Woodburn. Don't you think her coloring is delicious? And such a quaint kind of eighteenth-century type of beauty! But she's perfectly lovely every way, and everything she says is so funny. The Southerners seem to be such great talkers; better than we are, don't you think?"

"I don't know," said Beaton, in pensive discouragement. He was sensible of being manipulated, operated, but he was helpless to escape from the performer or to fathom her motives. His pensiveness passed into gloom, and was degenerating into sulky resentment when he went away, after several failures to get back to the old ground he had held in relation to Alma. He retrieved something of it with Mrs. Leighton; but Alma glittered upon him to the last with a keen impenetrable candor, a childlike singleness of glance, covering unfathomable reserve.

"Well, Alma!" said her mother, when the door had closed upon him.

"Well, mother!" Then, after a moment, she said, with a rush: "Did you think I was going to let him suppose we were piqued at his not coming? Did you suppose I was going to let him patronize us, or think that we were in the least dependent on his favor or friendship?"

Her mother did not attempt to answer her. She merely said, "I shouldn't think he would come any more."

"Well, we have got on so far without him; perhaps we can live through the rest of the winter."

"I couldn't help feeling sorry for him. He was quite stupefied. I could see that he didn't know what to make of you."

"He's not required to make anything of me," said Alma.

"Do you think he really believed you had forgotten all those things?"

"Impossible to say, ma'am."

"Well, I don't think it was quite right, Alma."

"I'll leave him to you the next time. Miss Woodburn said you were freezing him to death when I came down."

"That was quite different. But there won't be any next time, I'm afraid," sighed Mrs. Leighton.

Beaton went home feeling sure there would not. He tried to read when he got to his room; but Alma's looks, tones, gestures, whirred through and through the woof of the story like shuttles; he could not keep them out, and he fell asleep at last, not because he forgot them, but because he forgave them. He was able to say to himself that he had been justly cut off from kindness which he knew how to value in losing it. He did not expect ever to right himself in Alma's esteem; but he hoped some day to let her know that he had understood. It seemed to him that it would be a good thing if she should find it out after his death. He imagined her being touched by it under those circumstances.

VI.

In the morning it seemed to Beaton that he had done himself injustice. When he uncovered his Judas and looked at it, he could not believe that the man who was capable of such work deserved the punishment Miss Leighton had inflicted upon him. He still forgave her, but in the presence of a thing like that he could not help respecting himself; he believed that if she could see it she would be sorry that she had cut herself off from his acquaintance. He carried this strain of conviction all through his syndicate letter, which he now took out of his desk and finished, with an increasing security of his opinions and a mounting severity in his judgments. He retaliated upon the general condition of art among us the pangs of wounded vanity which Alma had made him feel, and he folded up his manuscript and put it in his pocket, almost healed of his humiliation. He had been able to escape from its sting so entirely while he was writing that the notion of making his life more and more literary commended itself to him. As it was now evident that the future was to be one of renunciation, of self-forgetting, an oblivion tinged with bitterness, he formlessly reasoned in favor of reconsidering his resolution against Fulkerson's offer. One must call it reasoning, but it was rather that swift internal dramatization which constantly goes on in persons of excitable sensibilities, and which now seemed to sweep Beaton physically along toward the *Every Other Week* office, and carried his mind with lightning celerity on to a time when he should have given that journal such quality and authority in matters of art as had never been enjoyed by any in America before. With the prosperity which he made attend his work he changed the character of the enterprise, and with Fulkerson's enthusiastic support he gave the public an art journal of as high grade as *Les Lettres et les Arts*, and very much that sort of thing. All this involved now the unavailing regret of Alma Leighton, and now his reconciliation with her: they were married in Grace Church, because Beaton had once seen a marriage there, and had intended to paint a picture of it some time.

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Nothing in these fervid fantasies prevented his responding with due dryness to Fulkerson's cheery "Hello, old man!" when he found himself in the building fitted up for the *Every Other Week* office. Fulkerson's room was back of the smaller one occupied by the book-keeper; they had been respectively the reception-room and dining-room of the little place in its dwelling-house days, and they had been simply and tastefully treated in their transformation into business purposes. The narrow old trim of the doors and windows had been kept, and the quaintly ugly marble mantels. The architect had said, Better let them stay: they express epoch, if not character.

"Well, have you come round to go to work? Just hang up your coat on the floor anywhere," Fulkerson went on.

"I've come to bring you that letter," said Beaton, all the more haughtily because he found that Fulkerson was not alone when he welcomed him in these free and easy terms. There was a quiet-looking man, rather stout, and a little above the middle height, with a full, close-cropped, iron-gray beard, seated beyond the table where Fulkerson tilted himself back, with his knees set against it; and leaning against the mantel there was a young man with a singularly gentle face, in which the look of goodness qualified and transfigured a certain simplicity. His large blue eyes were somewhat prominent; and his rather narrow face was drawn forward in a nose a little too long perhaps, if it had not been for the full chin deeply cut below the lip, and jutting firmly forward.

"Introduce you to Mr. March, our editor, Mr. Beaton," Fulkerson said, rolling his head in the direction of the elder man; and then nodding it toward the younger, he said, "Mr. Dryfoos, Mr. Beaton." Beaton shook hands with March, and then with Mr. Dryfoos, and Fulkerson went on gayly: "We were just talking of you, Beaton—well, you know the old saying. Mr. March, as I told you, is our editor, and Mr. Dryfoos has charge of the publishing department—he's the counting-room incarnate, the source of power, the fountain of corruption, the element that prevents journalism being the high and holy thing that it would be if there were no money in it." Mr. Dryfoos turned his large mild eyes upon Beaton, and laughed with the uneasy concession which people make to a character when they do not quite approve of the character's language. "What Mr. March and I are trying to do is to carry on this thing so that there *won't* be any money in it—or very little; and we're planning to give the public a better article for the price than it's ever had before. Now here's a dummy we've had made up for *Every Other Week*, and as we've decided to adopt it, we would naturally like your opinion of it, so's to know what opinion to have of *you*." He reached forward and pushed toward Beaton a volume a little above the size of the ordinary duodecimo book; its ivory-white pebbled paper cover was prettily illustrated with a water-color design irregularly washed over the greater part of its surface: quite across the page at top, and narrowing from right to left as it descended. In the triangular space left blank the title of the periodical and the publisher's imprint were tastefully lettered so as to be partly covered by the background of color.

"It's like some of those *Tartarin* books of Daudet's," said Beaton, looking at it with more interest than he suffered to be seen. "But it's a book, not a magazine." He opened its pages of thick mellow white paper, with uncut leaves, the first few pages experimentally printed in the type intended to be used, and illustrated with some sketches drawn into and over the text, for the sake of the effect.

"A Daniel—a Daniel come to judgment! Sit down, Dan'el, and take it easy." Fulkerson pushed a chair toward Beaton, who dropped into it. "You're right, Dan'el; it's a book, to all practical intents and purposes. And what we propose to do with the American public is to give it twenty-four books like this a year—a complete library—for the absurd sum of six dollars. We don't intend to sell 'em—it's no name for the transaction—but to *give* 'em. And what we want to get out of you—beg, borrow, buy, or steal from you—is an opinion whether we shall make the American public this princely present in paper covers like this, or in some sort of flexible boards, so they can set them on the shelf and say no more about it. Now, Dan'el, come to judgment, as our respected friend Shylock remarked."

Beaton had got done looking at the dummy, and he dropped it on the table before Fulkerson, who pushed it away, apparently to free himself from partiality. "I don't know anything about the business side, and I can't tell about the effect of either style on the sales, but you'll spoil the whole character of the cover if you use anything thicker than that thickish paper."

"All right; very good; first-rate. The ayes have it. Paper it is. I don't mind telling you that we had decided for that paper before you came in. Mr. March wanted it, because he felt in his bones just the way you do about it; and Mr. Dryfoos wanted it, because he's the counting-room incarnate, and it's cheaper; and I wanted it, because I always like to go with the majority. Now what do you think of that little design itself?"

"The sketch?" Beaton pulled the book toward him and looked at it again. "Rather decorative. Drawing's not remarkable. Graceful; rather nice." He pushed the book away again, and Fulkerson pulled it to his side of the table.

"Well, that's a piece of that amateur trash you despise so much. I went to a painter I know—by-the-way, he was guilty of suggesting you for this thing, but I told him I was ahead of him—and I got him to submit my idea to one of his class, and that's the result. Well, now, there ain't anything in this world that sells a book like a pretty cover, and we're going to have a pretty cover for *Every Other Week* every time. We've cut loose from the old traditional quarto literary newspaper size, and we've cut loose from the old two-column big-page magazine size; we're going to have a duodecimo page, clear black print, and paper that 'll make your mouth water; and we're going to have a fresh illustration for the cover of each number, and we ain't a-going to give the public any rest at all. Sometimes we're going to have a delicate little landscape like this, and sometimes we're going to have an indelicate little figure, or as much so as the law will allow."

The young man leaning against the mantelpiece blushed a sort of protest.

March smiled and said, dryly, "Those are the numbers that Mr. Fulkerson is going to edit himself."

"Exactly. And Mr. Beaton here is going to supply the floating females, gracefully airing themselves against a sunset or something of that kind." Beaton frowned in embarrassment, while Fulkerson went on philosophically: "It's astonishing how you fellows can keep it up at this stage of the proceedings; you can paint things that your harshest critic would be ashamed to describe accurately; you're as free as the theatre. But that's neither here nor there. What I'm after is the fact that we're going to have variety in our title-pages, and we're going to have novelty in the illustrations of the body of the book. March, here, if he had his own way, wouldn't have any illustrations at all."

"Not because I don't like them, Mr. Beaton," March interposed, "but because I like them too much. I find that I look at the pictures in an illustrated article, but I don't read the article very much, and I fancy that's the case with most other people. You've got to doing them so prettily that you take our eyes off the literature, if you don't take our minds off."

"Like the society beauties on the stage: people go in for the beauty so much that they don't know what the play is. But the box office gets there all the same, and that's what Mr. Dryfoos wants." Fulkerson looked up gayly at Mr. Dryfoos, who smiled deprecatingly.

"It was different," March went on, "when the illustrations used to be bad. Then the text had some chance."

"Old legitimate drama days, when ugliness and genius combined to storm the galleries," said Fulkerson.

"We can still make them bad enough," said Beaton, ignoring Fulkerson in his remark to March.

Fulkerson took the reply upon himself. "Well, you needn't make 'em so bad as the old-style cuts; but you can make them unobtrusive, modestly retiring. We've got hold of a process something like that those French fellows gave Daudet thirty-five thousand dollars to write a novel to use with; kind of thing that begins at one side, or one corner, and spreads in a sort of dim religious style over the print till you can't tell which is which. Then we've got a notion that where the pictures don't behave quite so sociably, they can be dropped into the text, like a little casual remark, don't you know, or a comment that has some connection, or maybe none at all, with what's going on in the story. Something like this." Fulkerson took away one knee from the table long enough to open the drawer and pull from it a book that he shoved toward Beaton. "That's a Spanish book I happened to see at Brentano's, and I froze to it on account of the pictures. I guess they're pretty good."

"Do you expect to get such drawings in this country?" asked Beaton, after a glance at the book. "Such character—such drama? You won't."

"Well, I'm not so sure," said Fulkerson, "come to get our amateurs warmed up to the work. But what I want is to get the physical effect, so to speak—get that-sized picture into our page, and set the fashion of it. I shouldn't care if the illustration was sometimes confined to an initial letter and a tail-piece."

"Couldn't be done here. We haven't the touch. We're good in some things, but this isn't in our way," said Beaton, stubbornly. "I can't think of a man who could do it; that is, amongst those that would."

"Well, think of some woman, then," said Fulkerson, easily. "I've got a notion that the women could help us out on this thing, come to get 'em interested. There ain't anything so popular as female fiction; why not try female art?"

"The females themselves have been supposed to have been trying it for a good while," March suggested; and Mr. Dryfoos laughed nervously; Beaton remained solemnly silent.

"Yes, I know," Fulkerson assented. "But I don't mean that kind exactly. What we want to do is to work the *ewig Weibliche* in this concern. We want to make a magazine that will go for the women's fancy every time. I don't mean with recipes for cooking and fashions and personal gossip about authors and society, but real high-tone literature, that will show women triumphing in all the stories, or else suffering tremendously. We've got to recognize that women form three-fourths of the reading public in this country, and go for their tastes and their sensibilities and their sex-piety along the whole line. They do like to think that women can do things better than men; and if we can let it leak out and get around in the papers that the managers of *Every Other Week* couldn't stir a peg in the line of the illustration they wanted till they got a lot of God-gifted girls to help them, it 'll make the fortune of the thing. See?"

He looked sunnily round at the other men, and March said: "You ought to be in charge of a Siamese white elephant, Fulkerson. It's a disgrace to be connected with you."

"It seems to me," said Beaton, "that you'd better get a God-gifted girl for your art editor."

Fulkerson leaned alertly forward and touched him on the shoulder, with a compassionate smile. "My dear boy, they haven't got the genius of organization. It takes a very masculine man for that—a man who combines the most subtle and refined sympathies with the most forceful purposes and the most ferruginous will-power. Which his name is Angus Beaton, and here he sets!"

The others laughed with Fulkerson at his gross burlesque of flattery, and Beaton frowned sheepishly. "I suppose you understand this man's style," he growled toward March.

"They do, my son," said Fulkerson. "They know that I cannot tell a lie." He pulled out his watch, and then got suddenly upon his feet.

"It's quarter of twelve, and I've got an appointment." Beaton rose too, and Fulkerson put the two books in his lax hands. "Take these along, Michelangelo Da Vinci, my friend, and put your multitudinous mind on them for about an hour, and let us hear from you to-morrow. We hang upon your decision."

"There's no deciding to be done," said Beaton. "You can't combine the two styles. They'd kill each other."

"A Dan'el, a Dan'el come to judgment! I knew you could help us out! Take 'em along, and tell us which will go the furthest with the *ewig Weibliche*. Dryfoos, I want a word with you." He led the way into the front room, flirting an airy farewell to Beaton with his hand as he went.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE ASCENSION" BY LA FARGE.

(*Continued from page 428.*)

canvas fixed upon, and the place also chosen, it was necessary that the artist should make a new design, or adapt this to a mural work. This design was preferred. Observe that the oval or egg-shaped cloud surrounding Christ in this sketch, the *vesica piscis* of early Christian art, is closed and firmly drawn. In stained glass there is need of such arrangement, in order that the leads may join each other, and the window, composed of heavy thick pieces, shall have structural strength. That which would be properly rigid and monumental in glass would be stiff in painting. The artist therefore moved the ranks of adoring angels aside, made small changes of great importance in each group of two or three, suppressed in the nimbus about the chief figure the throng of cherubs, so that they are visible from the body of the church only under a strong opera-glass, and altered the lower or terrestrial zone so as to occupy more impressively the whole ground. That he was able so to do argues in Mr. La Farge the kind of practical mastery of his work that a composer shows when he takes a musical theme already conceived for one purpose, and by changing the key adapts it to another, for which it seems, once the work is done, even more appropriate. In removing it from the window to the wall the monumental look has been sufficiently retained, while the occasion has been seized to make each figure beautiful, without forgetting to subordinate the several parts to the whole.

The oval of clouds, of cherubs almost lost in the nimbus, and of kneeling angels, lovely in face, beautiful in line, charming in the tints of their robes and their wings, has opened at the bottom to receive the Son of Man back again into the godhead. It repeats by suggestion merely that *vesica piscis*, a form of the "cosmic egg," which enfolds the Virgin in old Byzantine and Italian art; taken in unison with the figure of Christ, it hints at the shape of the Greek letter Omega, which, as the last of the alphabet in early times, was used as a symbol in many ways no longer permitted to Christians, because the play of suggestion runs back to ideas in religions hostile to Christianity. As the oval nimbus accompanies His birth, so it opens to receive Him back again from a planet subject to space and time, a country where life and death are the rule. But even in His departure hope is left to those who knew Him for a season. For the apostles are to transmit His doctrine to the whole earth after their own human fashion, and the two witnesses clad in white raiment testify that beings of the heavenly sphere do not avoid the physical world though Christ has ascended. A triple arrangement enters into the knot of apostles, where two, who are advanced before the others, divide the group into three sections; also into the kneeling angels, where the topmost and lowermost groups are in threes. Thus the old symbolism of former centuries is retained, without being obtruded in such a way that the observer sees the effort at first, and seeks in vain to escape seeing it later on. It is this untactful effort in old works of art to insist on a meaning which destroys the pleasure of most people of the present epoch, and accounts in part for the contempt felt by all but students of the fine arts for scores of "old masters."

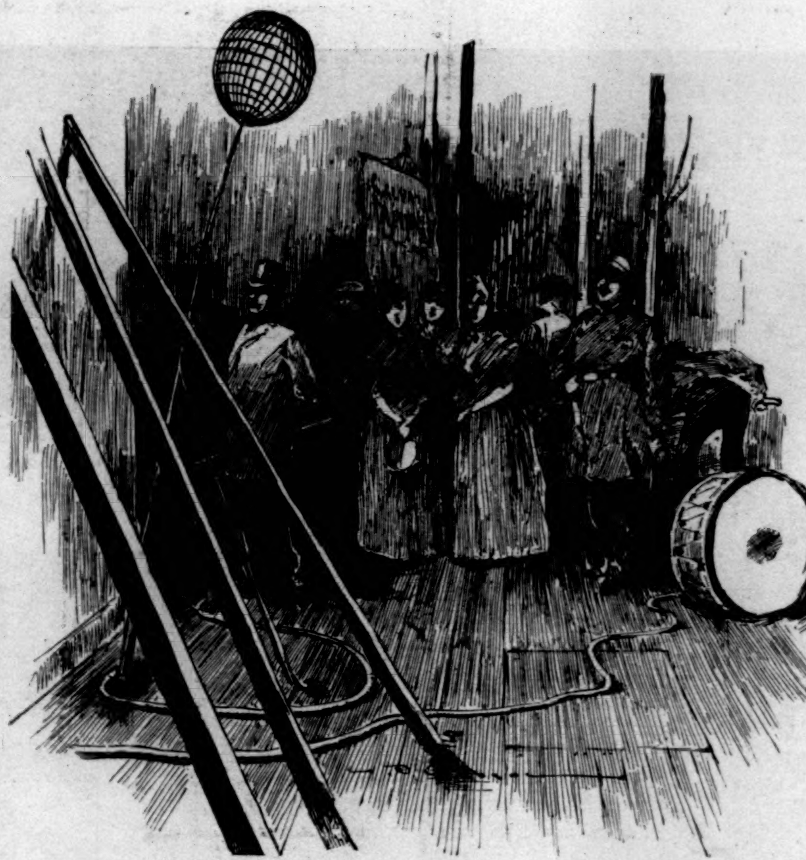
A defect in many old Italian and Flemish paintings of the supernatural, which otherwise deserve all the admiration spent on them, is an appearance of solidity in the floating figures such as to cause one to feel its impossibility unduly. Very great masters have failed to reconcile the eye to figures ascending or suspended in the air. Mr. La Farge has wonderfully met this problem, for the robes of Christ seem to indicate movement upward when examined closely, and the ranks of kneeling angels appear at home in the clouds. From high æsthetic outlooks this is a matter of small concern, but the congregation of the Church of the Ascension will know how to appreciate it in the long-run, when custom dulls the eyes to the more striking beauties of the picture. Absence of this buoyant, floating quality renders the celestial personages of Cimabue, Giotto, and even Fra Angelico, not to speak of lesser lights of painting in their day and later, quite insupportable to the average traveller who has not yet learned to see the beauty of their work, though not always does he confess the heresy.

The coloring of the "Ascension" is naturally not its least virtue, considering the position of John La Farge as a colorist of the first rank. The rugged peaks of the hills of Palestine, the shining stream, the heavens, have been hung with a vapor through which the permanent features shine. This affords a poetic environment, in which things define themselves only to fade away like dream figures. More practically considered, it concentrates the interest on the divine and human actors in the scene. Here the Christ is normally the centre and sum of all, with the light tones of hair and garments, the subdued glory that bathes the vaporous rolls around Him, and the uplifted right hand, made unusually large, after Mr. La Farge's wont, drawing attention to the way He is going and the path He is pointing out to disciples and mankind. The exaggerated right hand and arm of the Christ have provoked much criticism and will continue to do so. The topmost tier of angels looks downward to Him; the middle tiers have their faces level with His figure; the lowest rank gaze upward, thus concentrating their eyes on Him. Yet in these angels, as well as in the group of apostles below, the painter has avoided repetition by giving great variety, not only to the heads and figures, but to the pitch of each head, the elevation of each chin, the amount of direct attention or beatific reverie displayed by each person in the heavenly and earthly groups. When, in addition to all this, one considers the marvellous colors the artist has laid on flowing hair, waving wings, depths of vapor-shrouded sky and valley, one is tempted to echo the remark of an artist of distinction who was present at its unveiling, "There is no fault to be found in it." And in fact, even if it is possible to pick flaws in a painting of such unusual size, there remains this truth: America has nothing to compare with it for masterly handling, religious intensity, combined power and grace, and absolute beauty. It is an old foible of Americans to claim of their own products that they are superior to "anything in the world"; but certainly to the north of the Alps there is no mural painting that comes to the mind of the writer which surpasses the "Ascension" by John La Farge. There are in France more original wall paintings, but none that can compare with this for its profound union of religion with art.

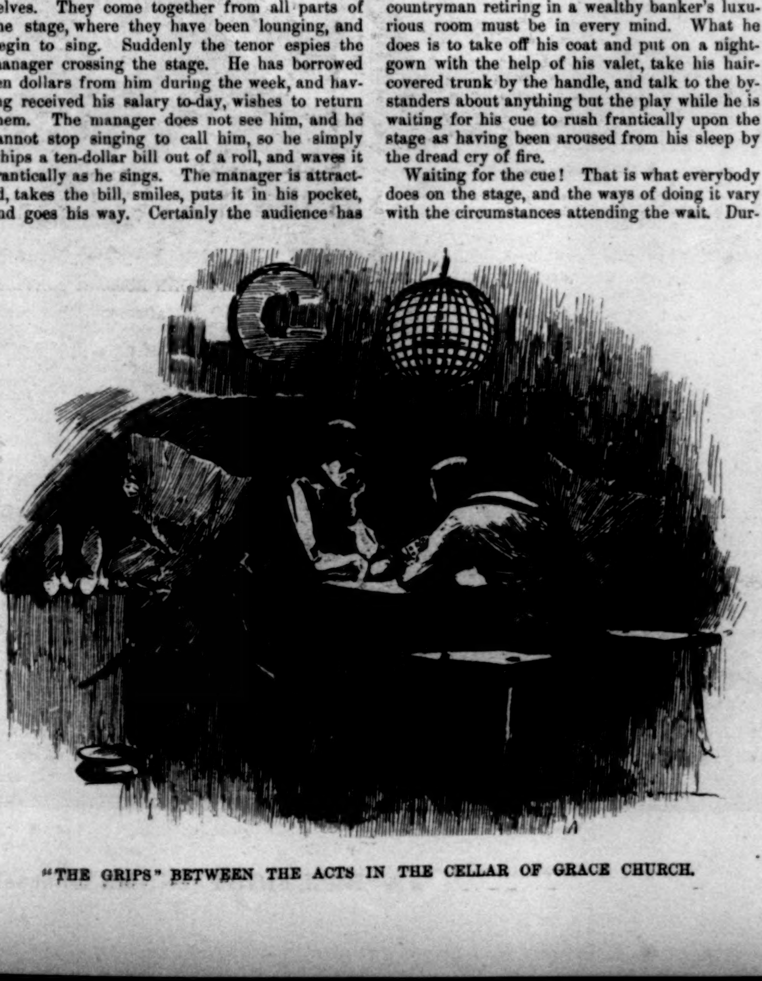
BEHIND THE FOOT-LIGHTS.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

ONE Saturday afternoon I had occasion to go upon the stage of the Academy of Music during the performance of the *Old Homestead*. I had seen the play more than once from the auditorium, and the homely characters in it were as familiar to me as old friends, and it was, therefore, something like going behind the pages of a favorite romance to meet the personages in it, to be permitted to pass the forbidden portals of the stage-entrance. In the lobby of the stage-entrance at the Academy is placed one of those little telegraphic instruments known to the initiated as a "ticker," from which is constantly issuing a fateful paper ribbon on which is recorded in cabalistic words and figures the story of Wall Street and of the race-track. Over this throbbing little machine there hung, at the moment of my entrance into the lobby, two strange creatures, who merely glanced weirdly up at me as I passed, and then hungrily tightened their hold on the ribbon as it was belched forth, and resumed their study of it. One of these creatures was an uncanny-looking woman, with blazing red cheeks and lips and coal-black lines around her eyes; her skirts were short as a young girl's would be, and about her head and neck was wound some kind of crocheted head-gear. At that moment, while she was reading with such eagerness what was taking place at Guttenberg or in Wall Street, a fond audience in the front of the theatre was fancying her coasting down a New Hampshire hill on a



THE CHOIR OF GRACE CHURCH SINGING THE PSALMS.



"THE GRIPS" BETWEEN THE ACTS IN THE CELLAR OF GRACE CHURCH.

sled, held ecstatically in place by the encircling arms of one Eb Ganzey, whose shrill whistle has delighted so many thousands, and baffled as many more. This was Ricketty Ann, in fact, who on the stage is so comely, even if, as "folks" say, she "ain't very bright." The other of the two was that Pat Clancey, who will not return to Ireland, because he has become so "Yankeefoied" that he would not be understood there. He is supposed to be trudging through snow knee-deep, in order to reach the old homestead in time to greet Reuben. He is waiting for his cue.

As I reach the stage, old Uncle Joshua is in the kitchen, before the audience, putting on his hat and muffler and taking his lantern preparatory to going out to the stables to see that the cattle are properly cared for. The cattle he sees is a man, with whom he talks about some legal business, the country costume and old-fashioned lantern seeming odd enough under the circumstances, though so appropriate only a moment before; the Joshua Whitcomb away from the audience, however, being almost the same man as before it, for his only "make-up" consists in a change of clothing and a slight change in manner. There is no paint, no wig. His hearty face is ruddy enough by nature, which is fortunate, or that life-like touch of washing his face in the tin basin in the first act would be lost, for no paint would stand such vigorous rubbing as he gives his face then.

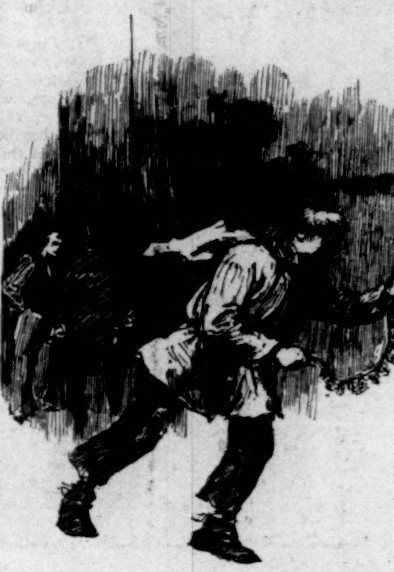
Presently the young folks in the best room, having "got their cue," begin to enjoy themselves. They come together from all parts of the stage, where they have been lounging, and begin to sing. Suddenly the tenor espies the manager crossing the stage. He has borrowed ten dollars from him during the week, and having received his salary to-day, wishes to return them. The manager does not see him, and he cannot stop singing to call him, so he simply whips a ten-dollar bill out of a roll, and waves it frantically as he sings. The manager is attracted, takes the bill, smiles, puts it in his pocket, and goes his way. Certainly the audience has no idea that the young folks are enjoying themselves in any such way in the "settin'-room." That these instances were not isolated cases of incongruous oddity was proven by a number of subsequent visits. Old Aunt Tildy opens the play by saying: "Our vis'tors are enjoyin' themselves. Waal, I like t' see it. Shows they're happy." The visitors, in fact, are not looking particularly happy. They are waiting for the cue to laugh, standing around listlessly instead of playing lawn-tennis, and thereby endangering the windows, as Ricketty Ann mendaciously says. Laughing to order, and putting the proper ring of sincerity into it, is not really a laughing matter; it is a work of art.

Then there is the Eb Ganzey, whom the audience knows by his loutish walk, his shrill whistle, and his expectation of having sleeve-buttons as soon as he is big enough. The moment he is off the mimic stage he becomes, instead of the stupid butt of everybody, the director of them all, for he is the stage manager. He dons and doffs his stupidity like one of those "lightning-change artists" of the variety stage. In the Grace Church scene he personates the Hoboken Terror, and during the change of scene from the banker's drawing-room to the church he goes about the stage in that "make-up," giving his orders with a ludicrous absence of consciousness of the incongruity of his performance.

It is funny, too, to see Uncle Joshua in the drawing-room scene come behind the scenes ostensibly to go to bed. The picture of the old countryman retiring in a wealthy banker's luxurious room must be in every mind. What he does is to take off his coat and put on a night-gown with the help of his valet, take his hair-covered trunk by the handle, and talk to the bystanders about anything but the play while he is waiting for his cue to rush frantically upon the stage as having been aroused from his sleep by the dread cry of fire.

Waiting for the cue! That is what everybody does on the stage, and the ways of doing it vary with the circumstances attending the wait. During the long scene of the drawing-room, when Joshua Whitcomb and his host, Henry Hopkins, occupy the stage almost alone, there is a long wait, and the actors, the "grips"—as the machinists are called—the fly-men, and the musicians have nothing to do but enjoy themselves as best they can. The musicians sit just under the foot-lights, playing the fascinating "penny-ante" or reading; the actors have a sitting-room of their own, where they may smoke, read, play games, or lounge as it suits them, and the grips are equally well off. The fly-men seem to lead the sort of life ascribed by Sam Weller to pike-keepers—werry lonely. They are up in the loft of the theatre, where they see nothing, and hear but little of what is going on in the other parts of the theatre, and where their surroundings are so much made up of coils of rope, handspikes, and confused masses of running lines that they ought to feel as if they were out on an unreal ocean in an unreally steady ship. The cue of the fly-man, like that of the grip, is the sound of a bell. At that signal he springs to his ropes and handspikes, and immediately the air is full of flying things. At the same signal, the grip, shod in noiseless felt slippers, flies from his lair and assaults the scenery which is on the stage, carrying some away and bringing other of it forward, until between the two classes of fly-men and grips the stage becomes a dangerous place for a stranger who is not under the protecting wing of the stage manager, or who has not been told by him, "I will put you in a safe place, where nothing will hit you."

The Grace Church scene is so realistic that it is little wonder if the audience is beguiled into imagining the choir, as it sings "The Psalms," standing sedately behind the usual brass rod and red curtain. As a matter of fact the choir, however good, is not sedate, nor of the ordinary type. The first tenor is the son of Henry Hopkins, whose duty for that performance is done with the singing of the Psalms. He is ready to go home, and wears his cream-colored overcoat, his silk hat, his gloves, and dapper cane rather too jauntily for a tenor on duty in Grace Church. Next him is Reuben, the drunkard son of Joshua, looking much more sober than a few minutes later; beyond him is the policeman, club in hand. Mrs. Hopkins, also ready to go home, comes next. Behind them, promiscuously and picturesquely grouped, stand the men and women of the Salvation Army, and some of the farm-hands from Swanzey. Over their heads, on a long pole and protected by a wire cage, is a flaming gas jet, which lights up the stained-glass windows of the church. Just in front of them is a man, perched up in a sort of cupboard, directing the rays of a blue moon so that they will fall properly on the scene before the foot-lights. The singing is done, the last encore responded to, and the choir separates.



"THE SLEIGH DROVE UP TO THE DOOR."

In the last act, where the kitchen scene takes up but a small part of the great stage, and when the actors are on and off of the scene at frequent intervals, there is a great deal to interest the unaccustomed eye. The actors sit about the stage on chairs, or upon whatever else is convenient, whispering together quietly or reading, but always alert for the cue, and when it comes, going to the proper entrance, with a "one to make ready, two to prepare, and three to go" sort of air. Over at one side sits Anna Maria Murdock, with that dear baby in her arms. It is the same dear baby that Aunt Tildy must have a look at, which Eb Ganzey is afraid he will be obliged to rock, and which the tender mother does rock as she sings the lullaby. At this moment the dear little thing is held with monstrous carelessness by her long skirts, her head dragging on the floor, while her heartless mother talks to Uncle Joshua. But see, as the time for her cue comes near, how tenderly she gathers the baby into her arms! how lovingly she hugs it!

Then there stand old Cy Prime and Seth Perkins getting ready to wrestle. No one not in the secret would imagine what was about to happen, for they stand at ease, staring carelessly about. Suddenly they begin to stamp their feet and shout, and presently Uncle Joshua looks out of the window and bids them stop their "wras'lin'," by which you know what they have been doing. Then he informs the audience through Aunt Tildy that Cy has flopped Seth over in a snow-bank, when in fact the two men are not within two yards of each other.

But this little bit of deception is as nothing in comparison with that practised when the sleigh which is bringing Reuben from Keene is supposed to be coming. Then Eb Ganzey goes into a far-away room with a string of sleigh-bells, and begins by jingling them softly. The sleigh is in the distance then. Presently the sleigh draws nearer, and Eb jingles a little louder, then louder and louder, and finally he springs into a run which develops into a rush, all the while shaking the bells with all his strength. The run is a long one and the impetus of the man considerable, but he does not slacken his speed because he is near the door. He has, as Eb Ganzey, to announce the arrival of Reuben; so, as he nears the door, he flings the string of bells at a waiting man, who deftly catches it, and he dashes through the door, crying, "Rube's here!" Reuben, in fact, was there. He had been waiting all the time by the door. The man who caught the bells walks slowly off, jingling them quietly, for he now personates the horse as being led to the stable. The most real of all the things done on the stage is the dancing, which often goes on after the curtain is down and continues until the music ceases.

SLEEP.

How beautiful is sleep!
Sleep, with half-opened lips
And half-clenched finger-tips,
And still as is the deep
Upon a summer morn,
When the waves hardly reach
To break upon the beach;
Or like a field of corn
When the soft western breeze
Lays all the beards together,
As feather over feather
Laps on birds' plumages.

Douglas Sladen.

THE FIRST BREAKFAST AT SEA.

There is peculiar perspective, an apparent want, as it were, of parallelism in Mr. de Thulstrup's sketch of "The First Breakfast at Sea." But to draw things actually as they are, they must be topsy-turvy. The curtain to the berth, following that constant law of gravity, being free at its point of suspension, hangs as it should, straight downward. But what is the matter with the door or the floor (if there is a floor on shipboard), and the ceiling of that eccentric state-room? Still, certain objects are at exact right angles with the plan of the picture, as it is printed on a sheet of paper, and they are the cup and the plate that greatest of all human equilibriumists, the waiter, holds in his hands. How on earth does he do it? How is it possible for any human being, whether with sea-legs, without additional props, to maintain that position? Yet reel and pitch as she may, that man could carry a drop of mercury on a sheet of plate-glass and never spill it. To such a gifted creature Pigs in Clover could have no mystery.

What good does it do, after all, to explain what is sea-sickness or its causes? Was there ever a remedy published worth the room it took on paper to print? We do come down to the idea that it is caused rather by mental than physical disturbance, and that the brain throws the stomach out of gear. That is highly consoling. Make the effort then, and call on your higher qualities to prevent physical derangements, and you will find—what? That you will be sicker than ever, notwithstanding the noblest of human efforts.

Is it visual distortion that does it? Maybe it is, and the artist shows by the capsizing of his lines how things do topple over. Then the next time you are a day out at sea, and the steamer is heading on through a heavy blow, close your eyes, and don't look at things. Will you be any better? There may be some little comfort in the thought that if you are to die you might add grandeur to the event by doing so with your eyes wide open.

Sometimes you wish that you were that waiter. He is at certain times no mere carrier of bread and tea or of anchovy toast. How can he be cheerful under such distressing circumstances? Why is his cravat so absolutely regular in cut and form? If it were limp and straggling it would be more in keeping with the conditions.

It is the head of the sufferer appearing over the top berth which is so pathetically striking. If you had been used to the sea, and seen that rather stout and pudgy individual slowly sauntering about the deck of the steamer as she passed through the Narrows, you would have at once marked him as one likely to suffer. At sea, with a certain amount of curiosity, there is a dash of cynicism, so you ask the waiter if that rather stout person is not the worse for the weather. He replies at once, in a polyglot style, "Ah, monsieur, in my born days I never seed a gent as was sickerer."

As sticklers for the purity of the language, people in England define degrees in "being ill" and "being sick," and so sea-sickness explains itself as a lesser trouble. Nobody ever died of sea-sickness, and so the pudgy gentleman, who in his berth looked apoplectic at times, got bravely over it in a day or so; and when he gave his experiences afterward to friends at home, spoke of the advantages of "will effort," and how he really had not been more sea-sick than many others.

A BULL-FIGHT IN MEXICO.—Drawn by Frederic

FREDERIC REMINGTON
MEXICO '89

c Remington.—[See Pages 441, 444, and 445, Supplement.]

THE HAUNTED EDITOR.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

I.

WELL, the firm has failed, and the sheriff has at last rapped upon the editorial door. What unnumbered raps have fallen upon that door for the last ten years! Novelists, poets, artists, and young and aspiring souls who wished to whisper their early inspiration to the editor. But the sheriff's rap, which has thundered on all the doors of the bankrupt house, has fallen here at last, and ended all. Why? Our paper, the *Golden Eagle*, five years ago had upon its subscription list fifty thousand names. We thought that the public was ours for a generation to come. We enlarged the paper to meet the times, and secured the highest professional pens for its pages. We put our shrewdest business men over the editorial department, and dismissed those editors who persisted in having inspirations of their own, and established the paper on pure judicial principles. Then came a change. The subscription list declined to twenty thousand names, and that, too, after we had reformed the editorial corps, and reduced matters to mathematics! I sometimes think of what poor old Ambler used to say: "A popular literary paper must be edited from the heart and not the head, and must have individuality and distinct inspiration. The managing editor's heart must be left free to seek the people." Our paper was a rural home journal with literary pages.

I have often wondered as to the growth and the decline of literary papers. I have good cause to now, for the sheriff has just rapped and gone, and we used to be one of the most prosperous publishing firms in the whole country. In the last twenty-five years I have seen as many papers achieve a great popularity, and then decline and fail. Why did they grow? Why did they decline? What is the secret of success in publishing? Old Ambler used to say that success in newspaper publishing was for a paper to have soul, and to keep it; that when the soul of a popular editor went out of a paper, the paper was dead; that a paper could not be run by a professional machine; that it was a true business principle to have no business principles in the editor's office, but to secure a man with a heart, and leave him to his inspiration.

The daisies have grown over poor Ambler's forgotten grave for five years or more. The paper grew under him. He died poor. When we appointed Marlowe to his place the paper was in the full tide of success, and we looked upon it as a fortune. We resolved to put his work under regular business rules. We did. Marlowe was a good man, and he did well for a time, but he failed. Did he fail, or was it we?

Well, the sheriff has rapped, and I must go. Marlowe has gone, poor man—gone to live on a farm, where he can hoe his garden in peace. He left his private diary to me. Here it is—a great roll. I'll take it home; perhaps it will answer my question. In fact, Marlowe said, "Mr. Stone, if you want to know why this paper has failed to hold the public good-will and confidence, you read that." I will. What a curious title for a diary!

UNSPIRITUAL RAPPINGS.

February 28th.—There has been a warm flush of blue in the sky to-day—a bluebird blue, as we used to call it on the old farm when the winter began to drip away.

I rested by the window at noon and looked away to the sky; the composing room seems very near the sky, and I like to look out after lunch. How friendly the sky looked! I had begun to think of the old home farm again, and to hum benevolent Aunt Ruth's old hymn,

> "When I can read my title clear
> To mansions in the skies,"

when Tommy Todd came over to me, and said,

"Well, old Ambler has got there already, and they do say that they are going to give you his place."

"Got where, Tom?"

"To the 'mansions in the skies.'"

Mr. Ambler had been the managing editor. He was an odd man and had very unbusinesslike ways, but he had a heart that sympathized with the public, and under his sympathetic editing the subscription list grew so rapidly that the managers usually let Ambler have his own way, while they took the profits and honors.

The suggestion that I was to succeed Ambler startled me.

"What was that you said they were gossiping about in the office, Tommy?"

"They say that they are going to put you in old Ambler's place, 'cos they can't get anybody else. They don't want you; they want Professor Pinn, he that wrote the Commonplace Book whot we set up; all about nothin', you know. He's been speculatin' and has failed; but his wife is rich and wants to make an editor of him, so that she can have receptions and sich. She's sister-in-law to the firm or somebody here.

"I was told," continued Tommy, "that the firm said that the paper must have an editor who had some sentimental notions about seeking the good of the public. Ambler had. The firm said that you was a fool—Amber was—but that you had an editorial mind; that you seemed to know just what the public wanted, and where to get it, and, better yet, just what the public were going to want. So I guess you'll get the appointment for all Professor Pinn's wife. I hope so."

The sky looked bluer than ever over the dripping, sooty roofs. A white cloud, like an angel's wing, drifted across the blue field. I found myself tapping upon the window and humming again.

"Say, Tom," said I, speculatively, "what do you think made Ambler die?"

"They pestered him to death, and he all wizened up, and kinder got out of breath like."

This view of the end of the late Mr. Ambler awakened my curiosity.

"Who pestered him to death, Tom?"

"Oh, the poets, and wimmen writers, and agents, and people what wanted to build churches and found colleges and do good with his money—they say that he didn't have but $20 per week—and peddlers, and people who wanted to talk because they hadn't anything to say, and— But that wasn't what killed Ambler. The firm was always finding fault with him because he gave so much time to these callers. Ambler used to say that he found among these people the very things that made the paper such a success. An editor cannot get into a den and make faces at the world, as the firm does—can they, now? They won't take his paper if he does—now, will they? He must be sort of a Farmer Greeley like. Does seem as though the world was governed by imagination—don't it, now?"

I agreed with Tom's views in regard to the qualities that make a successful editor. Ambler had them. He knew the hearts of things, and gathered editorial gold everywhere.

"Say, Marlowe, where do you think old Ambler has gone?" continued Tom. "The firm sent him a bouquet after he was dead—the firm did. They say he didn't leave enough to pay his funeral expenses. The firm ought to have sent him that bouquet after he was dead. The firm was right to do the han'some thing. The firm has just contracted for a hundred-thousand-dollar house—all piazzaed off, and cupalos, and things. The paper's been makin' money. They say it has become the leading literary journal of the metrolopus."

The great bell struck "one" in a sightless spire, Tom slipped away, and I went back to the inky old table where I had corrected copy and read proof for ten years.

Tom passed me in the afternoon while going on some errand about the forms.

"Say, Mr. Marlowe, the foreman over there does say that they treated old Ambler awful mean. I pity you. If you should ever hear any rappings over there in the editor's room, when you get there, you may be sure it is Ambler. If my brains had made a firm rich at $20 per week, and I'd 'a died without money enough to pay for a box to express me off to the cemet'ry depot, I'd just come back and haunt um—now I would. Just like that, now!"

Tommy gave three raps on the old table and glided away. All of the typos are given to philosophical speculation: Tom is a spiritualist.

March 1st.—It is indeed march first with me. I have this day been marched out of the composing-room, where I have been a proof-reader for ten years, and given a place in the editorial chair.

"You will hereafter act as editor-in-chief," said the junior partner to me, with a semicircular sweep of his hand, as though he was conferring upon me a knighthood. I thought that he would next say, "Rise up, Sir Solomon." He did, but not in these words. "It will be your business," he continued, "to select and edit copy and to meet all who call."

"That means poets, novelists, travellers, artists, literary people of society, and young writers seeking recognition for genius and inspiration?"

"Yes, yes; and peddlers, and book agents, and insurance agents, and people whose characters need recommendations, and people collecting their salaries for various enterprises, and all. Your salary will be $1200 per year. I hope you will find the position a pleasant one.

"By-the-way, the last office editor, Mr. Ambler, died poor, but he was a much respected man. The firm, the editors, and employés all contributed, as you will recall, a bouquet for his casket, and poets followed him to his grave. He was buried in the Field of Manoah, poor soul!

"Let me add that the late Mr. Ambler was greatly given to encouraging and developing new writers, listening to novelists, travellers, poets, and helping poor people with literary tastes. He used to spend a great deal of time in writing to all sorts of queer people. Now this was not business. The firm objected to it, but I allowed it to go on, because somehow Mr. Ambler's habits did not tend to lessen the very important subscription list. Country people like to read stories, anecdotes, and poetry, and they somehow feel as though they have a personal interest in a paper where new writers are recognized. So I let the late Mr. Ambler have his way. He did waste a great deal of time over witless people, but he brought to the paper some stories and articles that seemed to make the paper grow more than all the other efforts of the firm put together. But this was not business-like. The late Mr. Ambler was not business-like. He killed himself trying to serve everybody. His editing, however, made us quite well off, and we sent him a bouquet after he was dead, and the poets attended the funeral. I hope you will be a little more business-like."

He closed the door and left me there. "The Field of Manoah," "followed by poets," what the former Pantheon was, or where, I had not so much as the confusion of an idea. But to be followed to such a patriarchal-sounding resting-place, after a life of supreme usefulness, by the poets was an inspiring picture indeed. I will go some Sunday and visit the grave of the late Mr. Ambler in the patriarchal Field of Manoah. I wonder if the bouquet sent after the late amiable man is quite withered away?

And here I am alone, and ready for the work of sifting out the great thoughts that fall to the lot of the world. I will put my diary there, so as to be ready to make notes at any time.

Rap, tap, tap. It was a very confident and decided manifestation. You can read a man's mental condition by his rap.

"Come in."

"Are you the editor?"

"I have that honor."

"I have come to make you rich."

How could the late Mr. Ambler have died poor! He must have been a very prodigal man. Here was a man come to make me rich during the very first hour of my editorial existence.

Rap, tap, tap.

"Is the editor in?"

"I am the editor, madam."

"I thought I would like to call and make you happy. You want to be happy, don't you? Yes, I see you do; we all do."

Rich and happy! Why did the late Mr. Ambler die so soon?

"I am not one of those who die with all their music in them, such as Dr. Holmes described. I write poetry, I do, and I have brought you something that anybody who hadn't a head of wood—anybody of genius—would just delight to publish. May I read it to you?"

"Thank you, thank you; but really, madam, this gentleman is waiting, and he has called to do me some great personal favor."

Rap, tap, tap.

"Are you the editor?"

"I am, my little lad."

"Then you are just the man I wish to see. I have written a piece of poetry on 'Ortum.' The minister's wife told me to bring it to you. Father says that I am a regular Alexander Pope?"

Rap, tap, tap.

Rap, tap, tap.

Two more, and the man who has come to make me rich, and the woman who has come to make me happy, and a young Alexander Pope here already! "Come in, come in."

"My dear editor, you are having so many callers that I ought not to detain you." (This was the man that came to make me rich.) "My business with you requires time. Can I speak with you in private a moment? Here? Can you lend me ten dollars, just till noon, until I get my goods out of the custom-house, and as soon as I do I will come back and pay you, and tell you all about it."

Ten dollars! I had only ten dollars to pay for my dinners and horse-car fares for a week. But here is a benevolent gentleman come to make me rich, and his business with me has to be deferred by other important business.

"Yes; I will lend you the ten dollars, but return it just as soon as you have paid the customs, as I shall need that money for my dinner and supper. Good-by."

"Your poem, madam."

"Yes. 'The Two Orphans.' It is very affecting—so people say. I should not be a judge.

> 'Two orphan children once there was,
> And why there was was many a cause.'

That second line is in the suggestive style. How do you like it so far?"

Rap, tap, tap.

"Madam, pardon me, but you must leave that poem for further examination. Have you stamps?"

"Stämps? That's what I'm after. Have you?"

"Pardon, madam, but you do not understand. I mean stamps for the return of the MS."

"Stamps for the return of the MS. You do not intend to return such a manuscript as that, I hope, and put me off in that way? Don't you say in your circulars 'The highest prices paid for articles of merit'? and here is one. Do you doubt your own ears?"

"But you said that you had come to make me happy. 'The orphan children' who once 'was' is not a very cheerful subject."

"You can make it so."

"How?"

"I am their mother. The poem says,

> 'And why there was was many a cause.'

If you want to be happy, just accept this poem, and begin and do some good in the world. There is too much of yourself in yourself, I can see. You will accept this, now won't you?"

"Madam, please leave the MS., and—" I was about to say "stamps," but how could I?

"And what?"

"And—I am so confused by so many callers waiting for my time—I was about to say— What was I about to say? Oh, I will return it at my own expense."

"You will?"

"If it is not accepted."

She rose with a look of an injured goddess. "Look here! you will never see me again. I have no wish ever to meet you again anywhere in this world or any other."

"Master Pope—Alexander—if you will leave your article it will be examined. Good-by, boy. You see how many are waiting."

"Good-by, boy!" piped Master Pope. "I didn't think that you would treat me so. Good-by, boy," in a tone of mocking sarcasm. *Exit* Alexander Pope.

Noon.—Such a morning as I have had. I will go to dinner. No; I have not got any money. That man who came to make me rich hasn't got the goods out of the custom-house yet. Oh, I am so hungry!

Five o'clock.—There must be some delay at the custom-house, as the man who came to make me rich has not returned. I will have to walk home, as I have nothing with which to pay my car fare, and I would be ashamed to borrow money on the very first day. There was a kind of magnetism about that man that drew the money right out of my pocket before I could think of myself. How my wife will laugh at me! Will she? The late Mr. Ambler, whose respected body the poets followed to the Field of Manoah and the angels further on, doubtless had his troubles.

I will go home now. My first day's experience reminds me of the remark of the late Hezekiah Bedott, of correct memory, "We are all poor critters." This is a very complex world—very. I will be more prudent to-morrow. How can I help it, with nothing in my pocket-book? Perhaps the custom-house officers were away to some political meeting. I'll try to think so. He lives in a perfectly good world who thinks no evil of any one.

March 2d.—The world is full of benevolence. Some weeks ago, when I was merely a proof-reader, I received a letter offering me a lottery ticket for $10. To-day I received another, informing me that my ticket had drawn a prize of $1000, and if I would forward the $10 for the ticket I could have the $1000. What a place of golden rain an editor's office is! Why did they not deduct the $10 and send me the $990?

Good old Aunt Pitcher from the country called to see me to-day. She has come to the city to attend the Anniversaries. I was out when she first came, and the dear old lady sat down in my chair and began to play with the speaking-tube. Presently the tube spoke to her.

"Are you there?" said the tube.

A terrible silence.

"You are wanted," said the tube.

Aunt had dropped the tube on the desk. She did not know that it was "alive," she said.

"Who are you?" asked aunt.

The faint voice, even through the detached tube, was heard in the composing-room.

"I'm the ——"

I met aunt on the stairs. She was flying. She would not tell me what the tube said to her, but said that the voice must have been meant for me, and that my summons had come. Was it Ambler's ghost?

In the afternoon I thought that my summons had come indeed. The junior partner called to ask me about the progress of my work. I told him about my callers.

"Now do you want to know what poor old Ambler would have done?" said he. "He would have made funny paragraphs and editorials and stories out of every one of those incidents; he would not have used the people's names, nor the exact circumstances, for he never hurt any one's feelings; but all these incidents would have suggested other incidents to him. He seemed to see double; he had eyes for everything, he had. But now that the paper is established I disapprove of all these methods. The firm has become rich; we entertain now, and keep our coaches, and we must have more dignified methods. We are going to make some rules for the editorial department soon."

My room is five stories high. It looks out upon the covered roofs and tile chimneys, and the only gardens I ever see is the sky. The sunflowers and cloud-weeds bloom there; purple in the coming of spring, violets. Yes, the violets bloom in the sky before they bloom here. Then, too, there are roses in the sunset, and they bloom in winter.

How I long for the old country farm when I look out on the gardens of the sky! I pity those who live in the prisons of tenement-houses, and hardly know that the Lord planted man in a garden, and outside of the city lies paradise.

March 3d.—Calls! calls! calls! People rapping on the door, and the speaking-tube calling for copy. I have not found time to read half of the manuscripts that have been left, not even that one of the second Alexander Pope.

I have read the production of Alexander II. It was also on orphans—"The Two Orphans." Did he get the title from a bill-board? The last two stanzas were as affecting as the "Babes in the Wood":

> "These two young orphans they did die,
> And side by side in the church-yard lie;
> And the boy was,
> And he's gone to be a was-a,
> And the girl is a was-a too."

A beautiful example of the use of the aorist.

I read this to the junior partner as the worst thing I had ever seen.

"Every editor, I am told," said he, "receives just such calls from precocious Cowleys, Chattertons, and Alexander Popes, whose productions, I have no doubt, are equal to this. One might as well expect to meet with an infant sea-captain as infant poet. The world is full of people who go to sea in glass ships. Do you want to know what old Ambler would have done with that? He would have put it into the funny column, and he would have told that boy that he had discovered the element of sympathy in his nature, and that he ought to study for three years, and then try again. 'We help people by believing in them,' Ambler used to say. But that would not have been the end of Ambler's method. The author of that awful doggerel would have returned with a half-dozen subscribers to the paper, and would have begged poor Ambler's picture, and have gone to studying English poetry, and just as likely as not in two or three years would have written something worth reading. The firm used to let Ambler go on in just that way; and what patience we did have!"

March 4th.—I thought it would be indeed march forth with me. The junior partner came to the door with a stride, a bang, and very red face.

"How many callers did you have yesterday?" said he.

"I don't know; so many, I did not keep any account. I treated them all well."

"I should think you did. So well that it won't be long before the staircase will be full of literary tramps, just as it was in Ambler's day. I won't scold. Quite a number left their subscriptions at the desk; and one old woman promised to tell all her friends what a polite editor we had. She came from out West—poke-bonnet."

"Judge Hilton's wife."

"Of Iowa?"

"Yes."

"Oh, was it? Well, I'm glad you treated her well; she has influence among schools. Gives away thousands of dollars to education, and advises young people's literary societies what to read. Yes, yes. I *was* rather dissatisfied. One of the members of the firm wanted me to tell you that the editorial office was not a hospital, and that the time would come when the paper would have to be run on business principles. You remind me of poor old Ambler. I mean no disrespect; as I said, he helped the paper to grow; we sent him a bouquet after he was dead, and now he's gone where he don't need any. I thought I'd call round."

Poor Ambler! One is obliged to give something to the world before he can expect much from the world; and the fruit of selfishness is nothing. Men get by giving; why does not a paper?

Mem.—When this paper begins to be run on purely business principles, the income will be likely to bear a close resemblance to my salary. There are no mathematics in a really inspired work.

A girl called with a poem on "A Cat in Search of its Tail." Put it on the catalogue. Another girl called with a poem beginning,

> "Cold was the night, so icy cold,
> It made me shiver shakes untold."

She asked me frankly what I thought of that.

"Very cold," said I.

"I know you think it a piece of powerful writing," said she. "I'm a very powerful writer." Decision reserved.

I have heard that great novelists commonly begin as poets.

A remarkable man called. He said, "When I feel poetic I always write prose." I lifted my hands. "Yes, and when I feel like singing—and I know I can't—I just give a five-dollar bill to some poor singer, and let him sing. It does me just as much good."

"Have you any friends?"

"Oh yes; everybody."

"Don't you want another?"

"Who? You? Yes, you. I used to know Ambler. I haven't brought any poetry, I haven't. I wish I could write it. People express their best lives in poetry, and it is the best souls that read poetry, even if it be poor. 'A man who hasn't got any music in his soul is fit for treason,' as Shakespeare says. But I only called in a friendly way just to say, if you want to promote the growth of a paper you must do as Ambler did—have faith in men. Negation and suspicion build none of the palaces of this world or any other. Any boor can destroy the Taj with a pickaxe or claw-hammer, but it took all the inspiration of love to build it."

He rose and paused. I shivered. I thought he was going to ask me for the loan of $10; but he did not.

"I've got one thing more to say; it is this: I am a rich man, I am, and I like the paper, I do. I like the spirit of it. And if you should ever get into any trouble, or want money, or anything, you just come to me. Here's my card."

Are not the heavens violets, and the earth pinks, and men's hearts streams of perennial goodness?

"I'm an undertaker, that's what I am, and I have become rich. If you want any one buried, you just come to me. Or I'll lay you out at any time. I buried Ambler, and didn't charge him a cent."

There came a ponderous rap at the door. It was the senior partner. He had a terrible look. My heart beat as the senior partner gave his cane a thump and sat down, and with eyes looked at me for a moment in inquisitive silence.

II.

The senior partner gave another tremendous thump with his cane.

"Mr. Marlowe" (thump), "the paper, so some of our subscribers tell us, has not been quite as good of late as it used to be, and the firm have decided to try to improve it. We have come to the conclusion that what the paper needs is a critical editor. So we have engaged Professor Carmen Gove. You will hereafter submit all your copy to him."

"But Professor Gove has not been a popular writer himself."

"All the better critic." (Thump.) "All the better critic." (Thump, thump.)

"But it seems to me that a critic ought to be a successful man. Detraction does not seem to me to be a valuable element to bring to a paper."

"That's what Ambler used to say. We wanted a critical editor before Ambler died."

Professor Gove is a man of one talent. It may be expressed in his own abbreviated words, "'Tain't so." Having failed in everything positive, he had gone over the world of negation; and it was to this man, who had eyes only for the defects of life, that I was in the future to submit my copy for approval.

March 10th.—I have been doing good. Poet called. His poem was a good one, but it was on an ambiguous subject, and such as no editor would use. One line I much liked:

> "The purple curtain of the clouds was ruffled by the breeze."

"Tell me what you think of my mission," said he.

"I think that if you would leave trying to be a poet, you would be one. Poetry is not an art—it is an inspiration and a growth. The poet, as Emerson says, 'ought not to exceed his inspiration.'"

"Then I won't try to be a poet."

"How long have you kept your poem?" I asked.

"It is not dry yet."

"I think that it has the inspiration without the growth. Gray's 'Elegy' grew seven years from its inspiration. Poe's 'Bells' was first published as a two-stanza newspaper poem. It grew. Bryant's 'Thanatopsis' was first published with an introduction of rhymed stanzas, and without the grand lines with which it closes, and that made it immortal. It was a growth of seven years as we find it to-day. Goethe's 'Faust' was evolved through a lifetime."

The young man received the criticism kindly. I think I have helped him. I will ask young poets in the future the question as to how long they have kept their poems. Is any poem a poem until it is a year old?

March 25th.—Professor Gove has begun his work. He finds something inaccurate in nearly every interesting article, and he goes to the firm with these fancied inaccuracies, and so gains great credit for critical erudition and worth. The paper begins to look rather colorless. It makes me feel nervous and uncertain to try to do my work under Professor Gove. I have lost editorial anchorage, and I feel that the paper is adrift. The picturesque and sympathetic editing that Ambler put into it is gone. It is growing very dignified, very self-respecting and judicial, very cool and opinionated, and is about as interesting as an old-fashioned college professor's commonplace book. Its new spirit seems to be, "Keep off the grass." That legend is all right, I suppose, and necessary, but it spoils the spirit of a flower-garden. The public have very little interest in no thoroughfare places.

April 1st.—This is a great day in the literary calendar—All-fools' Day—and it does seem to me that they have all been to see me. The office daily swarms with people who wish to do good in the world with other people's money. This kind of benevolence seems to grow wonderfully with the speculative life of the times. It is only money that one earns one's self that really does much good to the giver and the receiver. It seems to me that it is an injury to help any man who can help himself.

May-Day.—There call almost daily one or more young men with rolls of manuscript. They have a common introductory address, "I have written a little volume of poems, and I would like to find a publisher, and I thought that you might help me, and give me some advice," etc.

One of these sweet singers of Spring, Autumn, Love, and Death has just left the room, and is now making his lonely pilgrimage down the office stairs, and I hope I shall rest for the remainder of the day.

Rap, tap, tap.

"Is the editor in?"

"I have written a little volume," etc.

"But has the world called for it? One should not publish a volume of poems until it is called for. Keep your poems a year, then publish them in the papers, but let others collect them. The world only reads the poems that *others* collect."

"But the world does not know that I have got them. I am not a common newspaper poet. There! I am going to leave the manuscript poems for you to read: don't let any one else see them and copy them. What do you think a publisher would pay me for them?"

No publisher would pay the fraction of a cent for a stack of book manuscripts of poems offered in this way. Yet the delusion goes on.

May 7th.—A very solemn occasion. Dined at the Literary Club. There are many literary clubs in the city, some of them consisting of acting, working people of inspiration and influence; but this is by the unanimous consent of its members *the* Literary Club. Most of its members are men past middle life, who have failed to produce saleable books themselves, and so have turned critics of other people's works. The others are rich. When a poet fails he turns critic, and when the world no longer cares for a prose writer who has exceeded his experience, he follows the poet. Yet every city is likely to have one club composed of just such men as these. It says to the world, "I am literature," with the same air that a Bourbon would have said, "I am the state." The world is deaf, and does not stop to listen, but goes on its busy way. It has little use for uncreative minds or irresponsive hearts, and takes no interest whatever in the opinions of pompous clubs of scolds. Yet these clubs multiply, and the men who compose them weave for themselves the robes of judges.

"What America needs," said the president, "is a magazine of criticism." (Great applause.)

To have seen them over their wine, you would have supposed literature existed by their permission, and that their literary judgments, instead of being a matter of no concern, were decisive and final.

At a club like this one hears little but detraction. Now life is too short to spend much time in any social atmosphere where detraction is the spirit of the place. Detraction helps no one; it is born of conscious failure; it produces nothing; it blights and withers everything; its world is dust and its sky is ink. One of the meanest places in the whole green world is a club smoking-room filled with the grinning ghosts of failed literary people.

The critical editor says that we need more "incomprehensible" matter in the paper, that people like to read what they do not quite understand, and that the public have a great reverence for what is profound. This may be true, but all the really great thought of the world is very simple. A boy calculated the sun's horizontal parallax. The book of Job, the works of Homer, and the plays of Shakespeare are not difficult to comprehend. A child can understand Darwin. Handel and Mendelssohn are not difficult. People don't light matches on the face of the moon. A cat in a fog is not a tiger. Are the imitators of the obscurities Carlyle and Browning and Wagner so very, *very* essential, after all, to sincere and healthy journalism? (Cross out that last line.)

A bird from the country drifted into the chimney tiles like a little bark of God with a message. He saw me, and seemed to pity me, and he alighted on an escape wire, and sang of the country, where the flowers bloom and the streams flow, and where there are kine in the meadows, and the people are free and happy. I was there in my boyhood, and I have always loved to think of that legend of the country. Thanks, little bird!

May 15th.—The junior partner called. He said, "I begin to hear complaints that the paper is not as interesting as it used to be." The complaint was not very definite. The paper somehow seemed to be stepping aside from the people, to rise above them, to look down upon them, and not to be one of them.

"A paper should stand above its readers, and lift them," said I.

"Yes," said he; "but there has something gone out of it that used to be in it, and something has come into it that used to be out of it."

I thought of Ambler and Professor Gove. Just here a good-humored college professor called, and told a story of how he had gone out to lecture, and missed the train, and arrived late at the lecture hall, and hurried in and began his lecture. He found that he was in the wrong place. After his lecture had begun, a minister came hurrying in—a stranger who had been expected to preach, and who had also missed the train. The situation was an odd one.

"Ambler would have sent that plot to his best humorous story writer for a story," said the junior partner.

"I will," said I. I did. The result seemed to me a hit. I sent my master-stroke of editorial invention to Professor Gove. He returned it with this legend written across the face of the first page: "Improbable!"

June-Day.—There has come to see me to-day a little miss to whom a thousand doors would fly open in every American city. What has she done to gain such a wide good-will? Simply written a few pleasing short stories. She has more recognition than half the members of Congress, or half the hard students in any of the exact professions. She is proud of the public good-will. She has a right to be. Young as she is she understands life. Her kindly wit has spoken a nature which all love. She has voiced human experiences which make her sister to all.

What is it to be a genius? Is it to have eyes to see life? Yes; but better, it is to have a heart to feel life.

"He is a genius," says Emerson, "who gives me back my own thoughts."

The echo of a million minds, a true poem finds the million. Was not the Southern poet right when he held that the poetical gift transcended all others? Does not the poet, like the Greek god, still dwell on the mountain-tops? Amid the wrecks of nations, poetry is the last thing to perish; and when the poetical spirit declines, a nation begins to die. Genius is spiritual sight—double sight. It *is* more than a crown.

More unspiritual rappings and thumpings. The critical editor thinks I use too much matter on rural subjects; he says eagles do not run around farm-yards. He has been to the firm with this ornithological information, and the senior partner has been to me—thump, thump, thump.

I have closed my Virgil. Farewell, ye pastoral scenes of my imagination! I am scanning the sky for the pens of the eagle. Whither, O winds?

June 25th.—My wings with which I was soaring in my last have been clipped. On the advice of the critical editor, the firm have decided to publish no more original poems, except by recognized authors. The poems are to be selections made by the critical editor.

I have noticed that the periodicals in our country which are the most successful are those that publish the most original poems, and that has been the history of successful publishing. Not that the poetry may be essential, but the poetic spirit is. The world, as Mr. Ambler would say, is governed by imagination. Few things are more welcome to a large class of minds than the work of a new poet.

A golden robin flashed into the air and disappeared. I saw it. It came to the great ark of the city, and I knew that summer was in that great mysterious land called the country. Elms and cool west winds; old roads full of the odors of the sweetbrier; violets and dewy ferns; old wells; laughing children on their way to the country school; meadows of clover and sun; pastures of daisies and cloud shadows. But I must not dream. Fill again the ink-well.

The little office-boy that used to be here is dead—diphtheria. Somewhere in a tall tenement among the forests of tiles. His mother called.

"Will you go to the funeral?" she said. "You were so kind to little Arthur; you gave him the first dollar that he ever had." (It was Ambler.) Tears gathered in her eyes. "And you sent a bill to me when husband was sick and died" (Ambler).

"Yes, I will go."

A funeral in the great hive of a tenement-house. A minister came and said prayers, then hurried away. One carriage, the widow, her little daughter, and myself. Out of the dark street, out of the money-making, pleasure-seeking city, into the region of sunshine and air. The bobolinks were toppling in the clover, and there were singing robins in the door-yard trees.

"I wish that Arthur could have seen this," said the widow. "If the country had been there, he would not have died."

A little grave in the city lot away among the hills, and removed by a long wire fence from the great city of tombs with its white spires and domes.

We came away after the blanket of earth had been drawn over the poor little sleeper. We heard the partridge drumming in the green woods. There were clouds in the sky, and on them a broken rainbow, and afar the tall arm of a church uplifted a cross.

"I have not much to comfort me," said the widow, "but I shall always love to think that you were good to him. That was his happiness; it was the only happiness that the boy ever had outside of his home." (Ambler! How could I tell her that I was not Ambler?) I do not wonder that the people liked the old paper.

The firm have decided to publish no more editorials on subjects upon which there is a difference in public opinion. The paper is to be kept free from objectionable points. The fountain is to cease to flow. There are to be no more definite principles and opinions; facts only. It is the flowing stream that feeds the oak and meadow.

July 4th.—Went into the country among the cool green hills to visit the old home of my boyhood, and to gather wild strawberries in the woodland pastures, and to rest once more under the oaks. The little red house is gone, the meadow walls have fallen down, but the cellar and well were there, and the old flowers greeted me.

How picturesquely Ambler used to write about the wild flowers and birds! He loved the country. I think that most people like an editor who has nature near to his heart. "*He* loved God, nature, flowers, birds, and children," said an old farmer of Ambler, as we sat under the trees. "I used to like that paper; there was something about it, I can't tell you what."

September 21st.—Fall has come, and with it a great fall in the sale of the paper. The junior partner has been to see me on a very important matter. At a meeting of the firm it has been voted to use only stories by authors of established reputation, and not allow visitors to go to the editorial rooms in office hours.

"We feel compelled to make these rules," said the junior partner, "to protect our interests. The paper must be improved some way. Our sales are diminishing, and we begin to fear for the subscription list. New subscriptions have almost ceased. We have concluded, on the advice of the critical editor, to secure a serial from Baron von Amsden."

"But," said I, "the baron has written out his experience. He is barren of plots. A man soon exhausts all the plots of which he has had any personal knowledge. Not more than three or four really great plots ever become a part of any man's life."

October 1st.—Have begun the baron's story. No one seems to be reading it. The paper is more barren than ever—just as accurate as the multiplication table, and just about as interesting.

The subscription list is at a stand-still. The critical editor, like Turveydrop, advises that a little more dignity be put into the humorous column.

November 1st.—It is a cold day. The senior partner has called, and called my attention to the fact that the renewals of subscriptions are not satisfactory. He thumped with his cane, as usual, and remarked ungraciously as he disappeared, "I wish Ambler was alive." Shades of Ambler! I am sure that he would have no wish to return to these rooms in the sky attic if his editing were to be edited by the critical editor and the firm, and the paper were to be so often improved.

There has just been pasted on my door this legend: "No visitors admitted in office hours. Mr. Ambler is dead."

Yes, Mr. Ambler is dead, and the leaves are falling, and I must go out to the Field of Manoah and see that good man's grave. I have met a dozen people who have told me that his influence was the beginning of their success in the literary life.

December 1st.—The subscription list is declining so fast that the firm have come to the conclusion that there have been new conditions of literary life come over the spirit of the people. They have resolved to make the matter in the paper more select. Select! the scissors are kept going all the time now. Select! in publishing a paper for the people, that is the best which will do the most good, and all else is inferior. Success is to be learned, not by reasoning, but by living. Pompous old rhetoric is not literature; true literature is life. Men do not build houses by beginning in the air, at the top of the chimney.

March 4th, 188–.—It is indeed march forth with me. The firm's notes are gone to protest, and only the critical editor is to be retained upon the paper. More knockings. Not the genial story writer now, nor even the optimistic poet. The hard knock of the senior partner. 'Tis these knockings at the editor's door that make or unmake a paper—the unspiritual rappings—the unsympathetic rap, tap, tap.

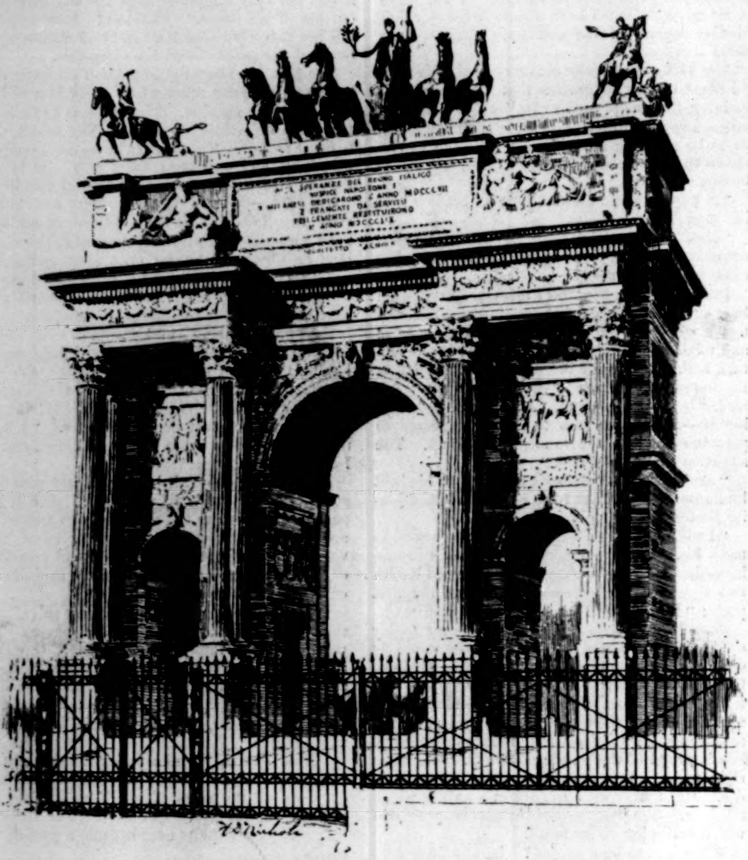
April 1st.—The paper is bankrupt. The critical editor still remains in the office, repeating over and over, "'Tain't so." But it is—alas! it *is* so.

May-Day.—I have been to Ambler's grave at last. It is far, far away, outside of the great city cemetery. The Field of Manoah is the place of single graves, where sometimes whole families are buried in *one* grave. Was poor Ambler's grave designed to be filled by the editorial corps? If so, the paper died too soon. There was a white board at the head of Ambler's grave, marked No. 2002. That bouquet that the firm sent is there yet, very much withered, 'tis true, but it yet might answer for the soul of one of the firm who sent it.

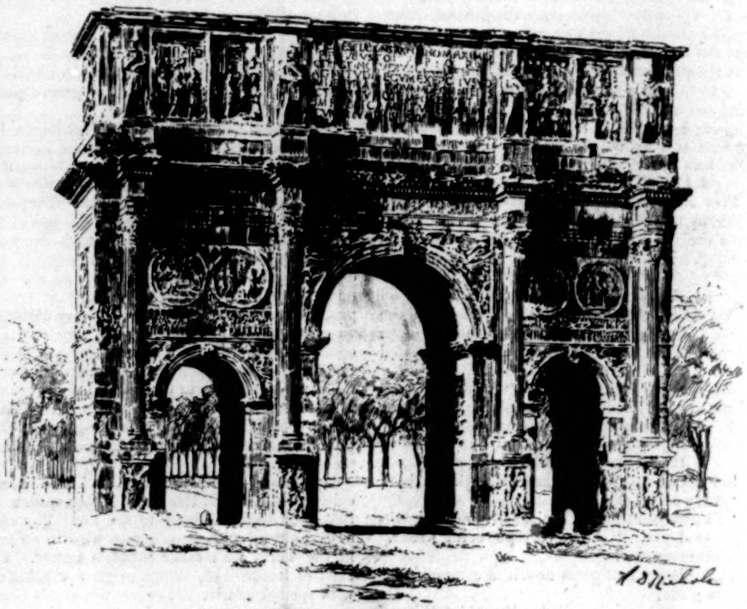
It was to this place that the poets followed poor Ambler. I wondered if any of them ever recorded their reflections in verse. If I were a poet I would write something to his memory.

Oblivion? No. All of his unselfishness is a part of the great, great tide of life. It is only what a man has been to others that has any value when he lies down to his long slumber. If a man could help the world like Ambler, it would pay to live a life up here among the flowerless roofs and leafless tiles, and to only know the real true world of the forests, streams, and meadows through the prophetic gardens of the skies and the poets.

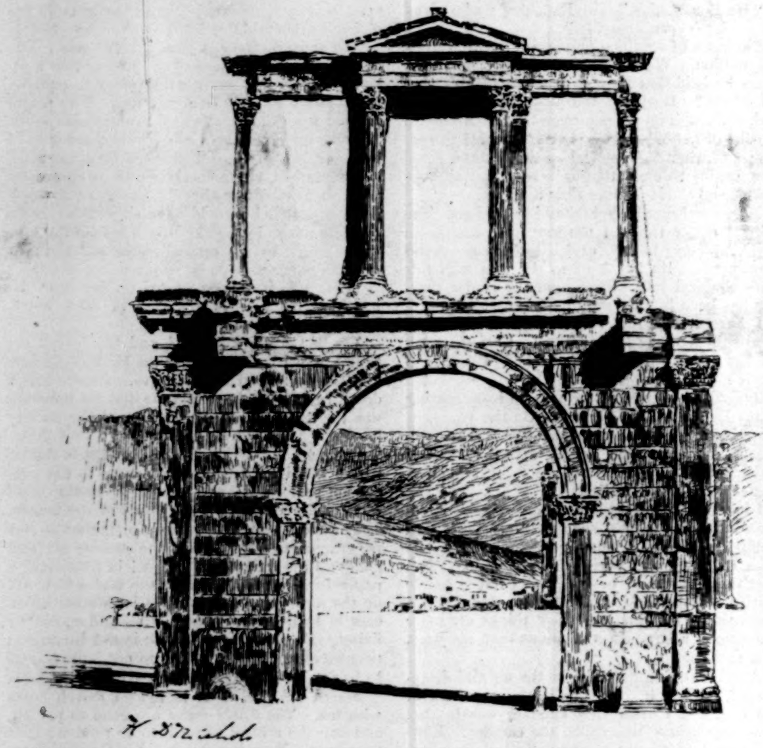
I have saved $1000—an enormous fortune for an editor. I am coming, ye birds, streams, and fields! Boy, bring me an agricultural paper. Thank you. Here it is: "Farm for Sale."



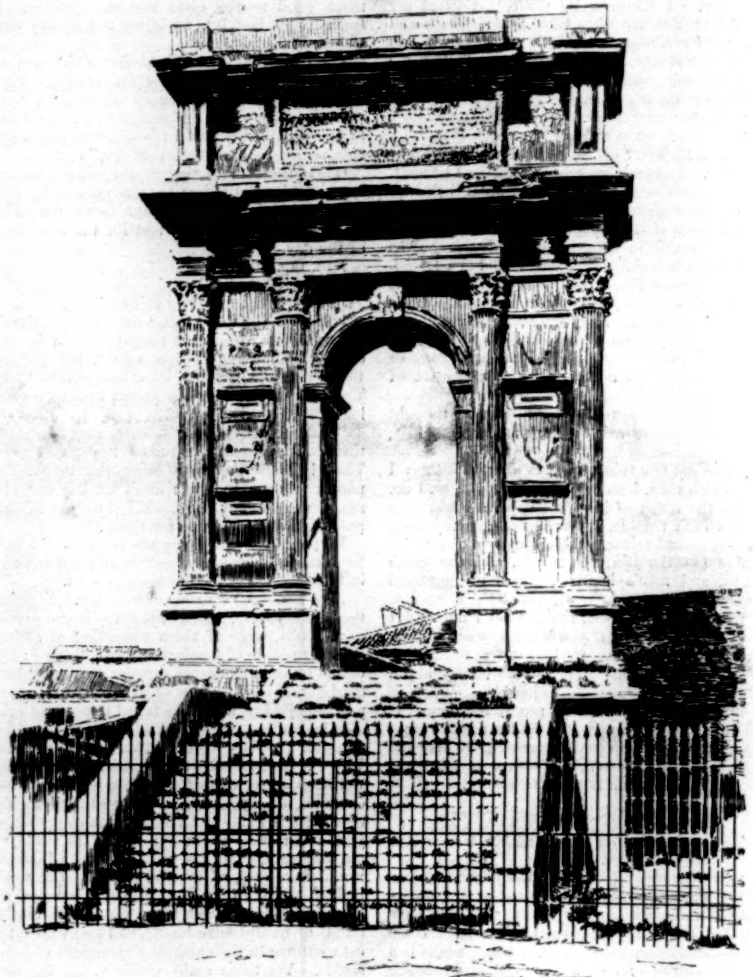
THE SIMPLON ARCH, ERECTED IN HONOR OF NAPOLEON I., AT MILAN.



THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, AT ROME.



THE ARCH OF HADRIAN, AT ATHENS.



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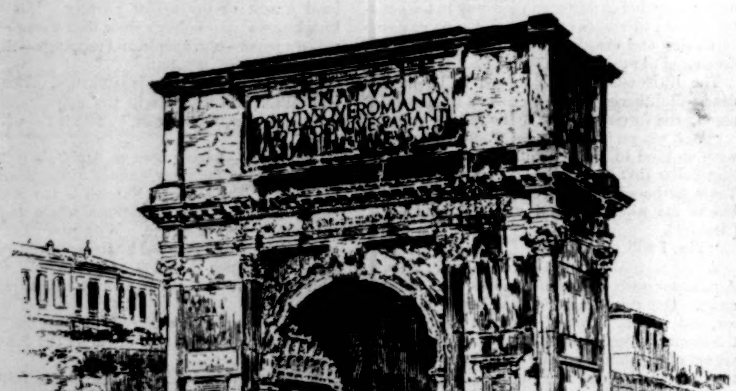
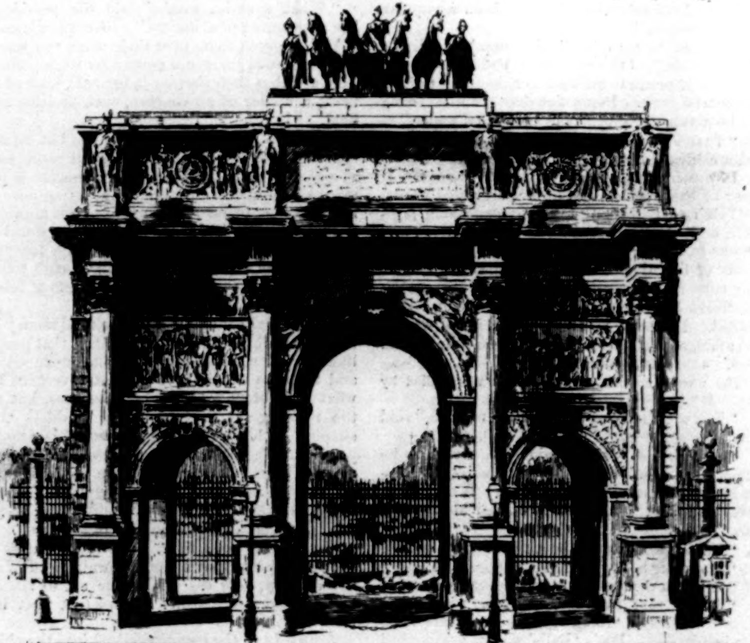
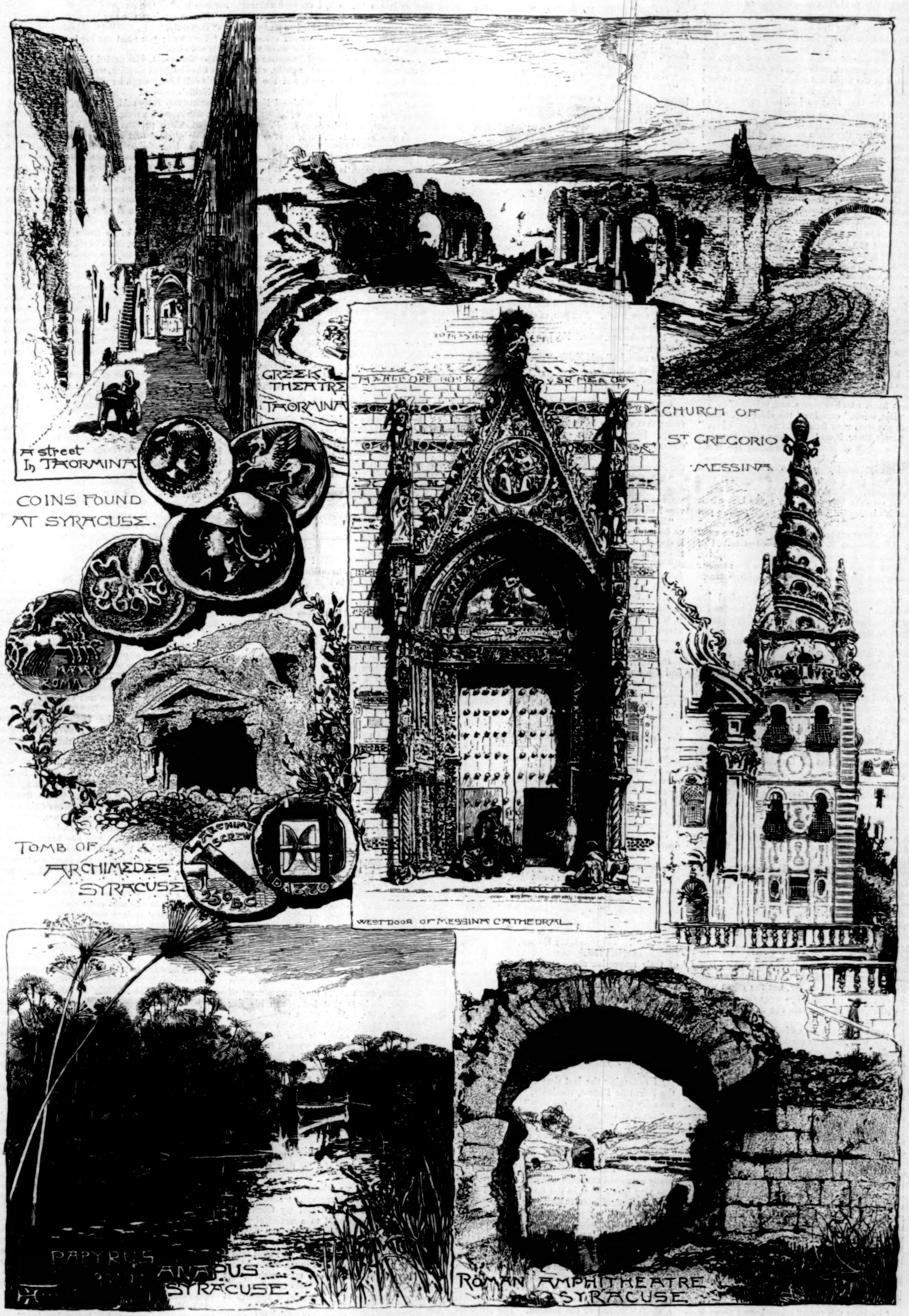


THE ARCH OF TITUS, AT ROME.



THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE DU CARROUSEL, IN PARIS.

NOTABLE ARCHES OF TRIUMPH.—From Photographs.—[See Page 439.]


A street In TAORMINA
GREEK THEATRE TAORMINA
CHURCH OF ST GREGORIO MESSINA
COINS FOUND AT SYRACUSE.
ROMA
TOMB OF ARCHIMEDES SYRACUSE
ARCHIMEDES SCREW
250 B.C
WEST DOOR OF MESSINA CATHEDRAL
PAPYRUS ANAPUS SYRACUSE
ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE SYRACUSE

SCENES IN SICILY.—Drawn by Harry Fenn from Photographs.—[See Page 438.]

SICILIAN DAYS.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

Their trip to Sicily was solely due to a discussion as to comparative volcanoes. It happened in this wise. They had made the ascent of Vesuvius, and after having been sufficiently choked by the smoke in the effort to look into the crater, they were quietly seated on outspread rugs, enjoying the prospect, and eating the orthodox eggs, roasted in the usual hot ashes. It was a superb April day. There was not a cloud in the serene Italian sky that Italy so jealously covers up in winter, to hide it from the profane gaze of tourists, and unveils only for the delight of her own children when the warm spring and the glowing summer drive foreigners to uncomfortable Northern regions, where they can contrast, to the satisfaction of their own patriotism, the discomforts of chilly hotels with the comforts of their own firesides. Between Cape Miseno and the Point of Campanella stretched the zone of purple islands that bounds the bay, and at the foot of the mountain the whole city and its suburbs glistened in the sunshine.

"There can be nothing as beautiful as this," said the younger of the two girls.

"And then there is the wonderful volcano too," replied the other. "Oh! there can be nothing like it anywhere else."

"It's very nice, I am sure," said Mrs. Sadlier. "It's really worth coming to see, which is more than I'll say for most of Europe. There! I've got a whole lot of ashes in my egg."

"You wouldn't think so much of this if you were to see Etna," remarked the Scientific Person. "This Vesuvius is a mole-hill by the side of Etna, and its eruptions are not much more than Coney Island fireworks. An immensely overrated mountain. Nobody can have the least respect for it who has seen a real volcano."

"But, uncle," exclaimed the elder girl, "there isn't any such view from Etna as we have here."

"Isn't there, Mary! My dear child, the view of the Strait of Messina is infinitely the finest thing in Europe. Take Taormina, for example—"

"Papa," cried the girl, "let's go to Taormina, and put a stop to uncle's perpetual talk about Etna. He'll never give us any peace about it till we take him there and make him admit that it's no better than Vesuvius. Wouldn't you like to go, Nellie?"

"If we ever expect to have a quiet life we must do it," returned Nellie. "Uncle has talked of nothing but Etna since we have been in Naples. Do let us go, mother. I know there is a steamer to-morrow night, for I read the advertisement this morning."

"Just as you all say," placidly replied Mr. Sadlier. "I don't care where we go, so long as I'm back in New York by the 20th of September. Must be there then."

"Is there a good hotel in Tor— What do you call it?" asked Mrs. Sadlier.

"In Taormina," replied the Scientific Person. "Of course there is. Good hotels all over Sicily."

"Then I suppose we might as well please the girls and go," said the lady, with the judicial air of one accustomed to pronounce decisions in the family.

The girls were delighted, and the Scientific Person maintained that he was also; but Mary declared that his satisfaction was feigned, and that he already knew that his favorite volcano would be a disappointment.

Dinner is served on board the Messina steamer at six o'clock, for the steamer sails at five, and the judicious steward knows that, as a rule, three-fourths of the passengers are far beyond all hope of ever eating again when the dinner-bell sounds. A strong southwest wind was blowing when the *Malta* sailed, and before she reached the Canal of Campanella most of the passengers had fled to their rooms—the Scientific Person among them. The rest of the Sadlier party were excellent sailors, and when they went to dinner and found no one at the table except the captain and a young officer of Bersaglieri, they enjoyed the ineffable, self-righteous bliss of the person who in the midst of sea-sickness possesses his stomach in peace.

The officer sat opposite the girls. He was a handsome young fellow, though he had evidently been recently ill, and was now miserably sea-sick. He heroically tried to eat, but the effort was a failure. His colorless lips were tightly pressed together, and at intervals the cold perspiration shone on his forehead.

"That poor boy is awfully sick," said Mary Sadlier, with the calm confidence with which the American girl assumes that no Italian can understand English. "Why in the world don't he give up and go to bed?"

"The honor of the army is involved, my dear," replied Nellie. "He will die at the post of dinner sooner than yield in the presence of foreigners."

"Then, for pity's sake, let's hurry through and go on deck. I am real sorry for him. His eyes are perfectly magnificent."

"'Sh! Suppose he understands English?"

"But of course he don't. You can see that. I'd like to tell him to try brandy, but I don't dare to."

The officer, if he did understand the girls' conversation, gave no sign of intelligence; but he grew paler, and was forced to lean his head on his hand. He did not change his attitude till dinner was over and the Sadliers arose to go on deck. Then he too rose to his feet, saluted them gravely, and disappeared into his state-room.

He appeared the next morning on deck as the vessel was rounding the Punta del Faro, and presently lingering near the Sadliers, begged a light for his cigar from Mr. Sadlier.

"Perhaps the young fellow knows about Messina," said that gentleman. "You ask him, John, when the train leaves; you can talk Eyetalian, and I can't."

But before the scientific John Spencer could collect his scattered Italian words, the officer, raising his cap, said: "The train will part for Catania at three o'cl'k. You go to Taormina perhaps?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Sadlier. "We're going to T'orminy, and we don't want to stay in Messina. There isn't much there to see, I suppose?"

"At the contrary, there are many beautiful things. You should make a promenade in carriage. It is a fine city."

"You live there, do you?" asked Mr. Sadlier.

"Oh no; I am Neapolitan; but I have many parents in Sicily. I come to make them some visits. But I shall part from Messina this evening in the train at three."

"Is your regiment at Naples?" asked Mrs. Sadlier. "I saw some beautiful regiments there."

"No, madam; my company is at Massowah. I was wounded there, and am now on l'ave by r'ason of illness. But you will permit me to present myself. Alas! I have no ticket with me; but I am the Lieutenant Rossi, of the Twenty-seventh Bersaglieri."

"Very glad, I'm sure," murmured Mr. Sadlier. "Lieutenant, this is Mrs. Sadlier. These are my daughters. Professor John Spencer, Lieutenant Rossi. My name's Sadlier, of New York."

The soldier bowed to each person as he was presented, drawing his heels together and bending his whole body from the waist. Then turning to Mary Sadlier, he said: "You like the sea, is it not? You have enjoyed the voyage?"

"Oh, very much. And you, of course, enjoy it. You are not sea-sick?"

"I love the sea, miss. No, I do not suffer. At the contrary."

"We thought," said Nellie, "that you looked a little ill at dinner last night."

"I was perhaps somewhat thinkful last night. But sick—no, begorra!"

The unexpected Irish flavor of the lieutenant's English struck Nellie Sadlier as so irresistibly funny that she was in terror of laughing hysterically. Fortunately the soldier did not prolong the conversation, but with an exquisite bow remarked that with permission he would "remove the incommodity," and so went below.

"What did I tell you?" cried Nellie. "He does understand English, and understood every word you said about him last night. Good heavens! what must he think?"

"Think! Why, if he is at all 'thinkful' about us, he thinks we are two poor American savages. It doesn't matter what he thinks. But where in the world did he learn his English?"

"From an Irishman, of course. Isn't he perfectly cunning when he says 'begorra'?"

"Girls, are you all ready? We'll go ashore now in a few minutes. Now do try to get ready in time." Thus Mrs. Sadlier, who always made it a point to be ready for any given travelling event so far in advance that the Scientific Person once remarked, "Susan, you're always just a little late for yesterday's train."

However, he was too much pleased to-day to find fault with anything. The witchery of that marvellous sight, the Strait of Messina, had hold upon him. On the one hand, Messina, white as an Egyptian city, but backed by the glorious Sicilian mountains; on the other, the vast and solemn bulk of Aspromonte—*aspra e dura* as the mountain where Dante wandered—and between the two the blue strait swarming with the white sails of fishing-boats, and the air full of sun and myth and history. Scylla's rock still frowns on the passing sailor, and you can see the gleam of Norman armor on the beach, the flash of Roman and Carthaginian spear-heads among the olive-trees, and the flame of Garibaldian red shirts on the slope of Aspromonte.

The Sadliers gave half a day to Messina, and drove to the churches, the fountains, and the ruined Badia. Messina is not rich in architecture, and it has no pictures. There is an occasional Gothic doorway richly moulded, and some good carving in the ornamentation of certain fountains, but, like most of the cities of southern Italy and Sicily, its picturesqueness is in its situation and its people. And yet, in common with other Sicilian towns, Messina is an architectural palimpsest. The Greek, the Roman, the Saracen, the Norman, and the Spaniard have all left traces of their respective architectures, the one often superimposed upon the other, and all alike covered with the all-levelling whitewash of the modern architectural anarchist.

"I don't think," said Mrs. Sadlier, "that the churches here are at all pretty. Now there are very pretty churches in Rome and Florence; St. Peter's, now, is very pretty; but here everything is ugly except the fountains."

"And they haven't any water in them," added Mary.

"I remember the last time I was here," said the Scientific Person, musingly, "the fountains were dry then. I don't see why."

"Look at the people and you'll see," replied Mr. Sadlier. "They hate the sight of water."

At the station, as they took their tickets for Taormina, the Sadliers found the young lieutenant. He explained that he also was going to Taormina—"he had a parent there"; and it naturally happened that they travelled together. He was very quick to help the travellers and point out the places of interest along the route, and Mr. Sadlier took warmly to the handsome bright young fellow. At Taormina, by his advice, they drove to the same hotel, and when Rossi strolled out to see "his parent," the whole party, with the exception of Mary, was enthusiastic in his praise.

The Scientific Person had a proud moment when the next morning the Sadliers had their first sight of Etna. A heavy bank of clouds hid the mountain from about half-way up its height to within a short distance of the summit. The apparent height of the mountain was curiously increased by this accident, and the snow-clad cone that showed far up among the clouds had the effect of a celestial phenomenon—a pyramid floating in the ether, and as remote, perhaps, as the moon or stars.

"Well, I am so glad we came!" said Mrs. Sadlier. "Etna is perfectly splendid, and the hotel is as nice as it can be. Oh, I do love natural scenery of all things!"

At Rossi's suggestion they decided to postpone visiting the ruins of the theatre until evening, and the day was easily taken up in wandering through the picturesque streets of Taormina and climbing the steep paths outside the gates, where the cactus hedges lined the road, and the sun gleamed between the olive-trees.

"How ugly the cactus is!" exclaimed Nellie. "It is the only ugly plant I ever saw."

"It's not a plant," said the Scientific Person.

"What in the world is it, then, if it isn't a plant?"

"It's a terrestrial disease," was the serious reply. "When the earth is overheated it breaks out with an eruption of cactus. It's a sort of mange, and I think sulphur would be the proper remedy."

"How perfectly horrible!" cried Mrs. Sadlier. "Do you really mean it, John? It isn't catching, I hope! Girls, for goodness' sake, don't touch the dreadful thing!"

They tired themselves out with the endless allurements of Taormina. It is a place where you must always walk a little further, for some fresh beauty of nature or architecture perpetually beckons you on. Even the remembrance that the hotel was a good one could not wholly occupy Mrs. Sadlier's mind, or successfully divert her from the beauty of Taormina and the winsomeness of the young soldier, for he was with them all the day, and devoted himself almost exclusively to Mrs. Sadlier; so much so that Nellie perceptibly pouted, and exhibited a sudden and overdone interest in the Scientific Person's theories and facts, which awoke even that unworldly man's suspicions.

As the girls were dressing for dinner, Nellie suddenly said that Rossi was tiresome and impertinent, and that she did not believe that he had any relatives in Taormina, and she wished he would go about his business. Mary made no immediate reply, but presently said that the young man was to her very uninteresting, and it was indifferent to her whether he staid or went.

"And yet you are so tremendously Italian. I thought you worshipped everything Italian, especially an Italian soldier."

"Yes, I love Italy. I sometimes think I have never loved and never shall love anything else. Look across the strait, Nellie! St. John never dreamed of anything so beautiful."

"How can you speak in that wicked way about the Bible?"

Mary did not reply. The sun was lighting the top of Aspromonte, and the shore and sea were already in the half twilight. From the bright eastern sky to the dark olives at the foot of Aspromonte there was every gradation of tint. Far down the hill of Taormina could be seen the goats on their way back to the town, and the droning song of a band of returning laborers came like a faint vague memory to the ear. The elder girl leaned on the railing of the balcony and dreamed, while Nellie, out of sympathy with all peaceful beauty, fretted over her dressing.

It was Rossi's uniform, added to more prosaic arguments, that induced the custode of the Greek theatre to admit the party after nightfall. They had the whole place to themselves and the moonlight; and the daily English girl with her sketching-book on her angular knees, the German painter with his pipe and easel, and the party of tourists with their chattering guide, were not there to break the æsthetic peace.

They wandered among the columns and climbed the grass-grown walls. Mrs. Sadlier confessed herself tired, and sat down on a broken pedestal, while her husband and the Scientific Person smoked silently beside her. Rossi and the two girls were at the highest point of the ruins, their figures sharp against the sky.

They were lost in the beauty of the scene, when suddenly the soldier began to sing. His voice was a superb and sympathetic barytone, and he sang as the natural expression of the feeling of the moment, and as if he were miles away from any listener. It was a passionate dramatic song of a soldier who takes a friend's place in the army in order to leave him with the woman whom they both love, and who, in the proud sorrow of his sacrifice, declares that henceforth his flag shall be his bride. At the last refrain, throbbing with hot blood and glorified with self-sacrifice—"*la mia sposa sara! la mia bandiera*"—a sob of overwrought nerves warned Rossi, who was standing close to Mary Sadlier, that the song was *troppo forte*.

He took no notice of her emotion, but when she recovered herself enough to ask him who wrote the song, he told her the writer's name, and offered to send it to her.

"What was that song all about?" asked Nellie, who knew no Italian.

Mary told her.

"Well, I don't believe there are many Italians who would give up a girl in that way," said Nellie.

"You think that we others can love only for pleasure?" asked the lieutenant. "Listen, signorina. I knew a man—he is of my friends—in Naples who was espoused to a beautiful young lady, but the day of the wedding the mamma would not consent, and the young lady cut off all her hair, and sent it to her lover, and went into a convent. It gave him a blow in the stomach, and it is now years that he can take nothing but English biscuit and water. Does not that show how my friend loved? Begorra, it appears to me."

"It was very dreadful," said Nellie, "and it is the first time I ever heard of blighted love striking to the stomach. But, Mr. Rossi, may I ask you who was your English teacher?"

"He was Sir Flanagan, an English gentleman from the capital of England. Dublin is its name, I think. He was in difficulties; indeed, he was a servant; but his family was of the highest, so he assured me."

"Did he teach you to say 'begorra'?"

"Certainly."

"Very well; you must not say it before ladies. It is not nice."

The lieutenant, who prided himself on his perfect knowledge of English, was severely wounded in his self-love, though he affected to be grateful for Nellie's reproof.

Impulsively Mary said, in Italian, "Do not mind her; she is quite wrong."

Rossi swiftly pressed her hand, but dropped it again so quickly that it was impossible for her to protest by withdrawing it herself. Just then Mrs. Sadlier's thin sharp voice called the girls to come down before they should all take their deaths of cold up there in that dew.

"As if there is any more dew here than there is where she is?" protested Nellie. "She wants Rossi to talk to her, and not to us."

They had one more day at Taormina. The ruined Gothic tower of La Badia, with its exquisite gradations of tint, and the wilderness of wild flowers which caress its base, fascinated Mrs. Sadlier, and she wondered why some enterprising man did not buy it, add a nice new building to it, and open it as a first-class hotel. Mr. Sadlier submitted meekly to Taormina, as he had submitted to the rest of Italy. He was very tolerant of intelligence and taste in other people. Sometimes he would remark: "The only comfortable place I have seen in Italy is ——'s pension. Every room is the same temperature, and they gave us pie." But this was a mild and innocuous protest against the beauties of nature and art.

The last night in Taormina the girls went silently to bed, and exchanged few words while undressing. It had been settled that Rossi was to go with them to Syracuse, and he had become so much at home in the family that it seemed the most natural thing in the world. The girls lay in their little iron bedsteads and thought of the handsome soldier. Nellie knew she was in love with him. She knew nothing of his character, his reputation, his position. She loved him for no intelligible reason, but to her it was enough that he was "so awfully nice." She dreamed of herself as a bride in white standing by the side of her husband in his dark blue and gold uniform. She had not the slightest doubt that he would propose to her. She knew she was pretty, and believed she was irresistible. The elder girl, with her slow, deep, intense nature, was as different from her sister mentally and morally as she was physically. She was a dreamer because her insight was clearer than that of other girls. She saw the material, prosaic side of her life in her New York home so vividly that it oppressed her, and drove her to dream of Italy as a place of spiritual freedom—a land where she could break out of her prison of prose. It did not disappoint her. To her it was given as it is given to few foreigners to know the Italy that is not seen but felt. She loved it with all the passion of her nature. She knew that she was at home in Italy and an alien elsewhere.

Rossi had interested her from the first. The feminine element in him that is never wanting in the strongest Italian man, and that adds grace and subtlety without detracting from strength, charmed her. His perfect naturalness and sincerity—qualities which can coexist in the South-Italian with an unveracity of speech that appalls the truthful Anglo-Saxon—attracted her strongly. She did not love him, but she foresaw that love for him awaited her in the near future. It might be a week, it might be two weeks, but she knew that it was inevitable. And she knew why she would love him. It was because he was sympathetic to her, not because she imagined him to possess qualities which perhaps he did and perhaps he did not possess. She could speak with him in a look, in the careless touch of a hand. She knew that her will could dominate his and her magnetism enslave him. Through the long soft night, with the remote and passionless stars watching her through the open window, she thought out the possible poem of love, and turned away from it. She did not yet love Rossi, but she was sure her sister did. She would turn back from the path that led to love while it was yet possible, and leave Nellie to win or lose unrivalled.

Through the dull plain of Catania, and over and through the worn gray hills south of it, the train made its slow way to Syracuse, where the quaint, rambling old hotel, maligned of Hare and suspected of Murray, but withal charming in its quaintness, awaited the travellers. There are ruins of all nations at Syracuse, and when one is tired of the Greek fountain of Arethusa, the Roman temples, the Saracenic and Norman doorways and windows, and the picturesque and dirty Sicilian town, there is the Anapus, where one floats on an Egyptian stream—a miniature Nile, with doubtless invisible pyramids and sphinxes concealed behind its hedge of tall papyrus reeds. The Anapus is unique in Europe—an Egyptian dream left behind when Isis was expelled from Italy, and never yet awakened; a concrete objective dream that can be seen and touched without ever passing from dreaminess to reality.

They had spent two days at Syracuse when one evening Rossi asked for a private interview with Mr. Sadlier. The latter really liked him, but it being an article of his creed that all foreigners were fortune-hunters, he was determined that no daughter of his should marry one.

"Sir Sadlier," began the lieutenant, "I have the honor to ask you what will be the dowry of Miss Mary?"

"What do you want to know that for?"

"Because, if she has enough, I shall beg of you the permission to make to her the court."

"Is it the girl or the money that you want?"

The young man flushed. "It is not her money that I love," he replied. "No, Signor Sadlier, by the piper that played before Moses! But you comprehend that I cannot marry her without a dowry. Perceive, Signor Sadlier: I have passed my examins, and shall be captain in six months. Then there will be necessary only thirty thousand francs. I have nothing, but my mother will surely give me ten thousand if I tell her I have lost it at cards. Then there will be needed but twenty thousand. If Miss Mary will have only that, it suffices, and I will ask you to let me make her the court at once."

All the Americanism of Sadlier's nature revolted against what seemed to him a proposal to marry his daughter at the price of twenty thousand francs. But he was habitually a cool-headed man, and he kept his temper.

"Mr. Rossi," he replied, "you've made a mistake. We don't buy husbands for our daughters in America. I'm willing to make allowances for your being a foreigner and to overlook this conversation, but you must understand that under no circumstances will I give my consent to my daughter's marrying any foreigner, whether he wants to be paid for it or not."

Rossi bit his lip. "It is then finished," he said, presently, "and I must see the young lady no more. I thank you for your kindness, and I say farewell. May the Howly Vargin bless you and yours!"

"No, no!" cried Sadlier. "You needn't do that. You'd better come with us to-morrow, or else the ladies will think something is wrong. Come, we'll shake hands and say no more about it. We're going away day after to-morrow anyway, and it will be time enough to say good-by then." And so it was settled, and the young man withdrew sadly, but with the consolation that he had got one more day left to him.

As he left the room the Scientific Person entered. "What did the marquis want?" he asked.

"Marquis! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that the young fellow is a marquis. He gave one of his cards to me to-day."

"Well, he never put on airs about it, I must say that for him," said Mr. Sadlier; "but he's just made me a proposal to marry Mary if I will give her twenty thousand francs."

"Then he must have some money himself, and proposes to furnish the balance. That's rather to his credit, anyhow."

"Will you condescend to tell me what you mean?" cried Mr. Sadlier, feeling himself beclouded by mystery.

"Why, simply this. No Italian lieutenant is allowed to marry unless the girl has thirty-five thousand francs invested in government bonds. If he is a captain, only thirty thousand is required. Now if Rossi said he could marry Mary with a dowry of twenty thousand francs, he must have meant to furnish the balance himself."

"I believe he did say something about getting ten thousand from his mother by telling her a thumping lie."

"Well, what did you tell the boy?"

"I told him that my daughter should never marry a foreigner, but I didn't pitch into him, as I had a great mind to do. I told him to stay with us to-morrow, and then say good-by. After what you say I think better of him, but I am still dead against an American girl marrying any beggarly foreigner. But, for Heaven's sake! don't let my wife know the young fellow is a marquis. I don't know what she wouldn't do if she knew it."

Later in the evening Rossi and the ladies walked to the sea-wall, and stood gazing at the marvellous bay under the matchless Sicilian moonlight. Rossi stood near Mary Sadlier, and was strangely silent. Suddenly he lighted a match and held it up to his face.

"Will the miss kindly regard my cheek?" he said. His cheek was wet with tears. "Behold how I weep," he continued. "I shall weep all this night, and I must not tell you why." With a dramatic gesture he hurled the match into the water. "I shall be after weeping for many days. I would that I had staid in Africa, and been kilt entirely," he added.

Just then the rest of the party drew near, and Mrs. Sadlier, who had just learned that Rossi was a marchese, overwhelmed him with her republican sense of the grandeur of his title.

They had reserved the excursion to the Latomia of the Cappuccini for the last morning of their stay at Syracuse. A Latomia is an ancient and deserted quarry, and he who wishes a description of one, as well as of the other attractions of Syracuse, will find it in the guide-books. The Latomia of the Cappuccini is perhaps the most picturesque of its kind, although one of its rivals, the Latomia del Paradiso, boasts of the unique attraction of the Ear of Dionysius, which persons skilled in believing may manage to accept as the earliest substitute for the telephone. In the Latomia of the Capuchins six thousand Athenian prisoners are said to have "languished" for eight months during one of the Peloponnesian wars—a story which is quite credible, since prisoners in such a place could not well have done anything else except languish. It is now a wilderness of wild and unspeakably beautiful vegetation. The perpendicular walls are nearly a hundred feet in height, and the winding path by which the descent into the interior is made is ill-adapted for use by nervous persons.

The party had explored the Latomia, and were returning to the clear day above. It was by accident that Mary had lingered in the rear, but not by accident that Rossi had retraced his steps to find her. She met him on a narrow ledge about thirty feet from the bottom, and answered his greeting coldly. With a pained look he stepped aside to let her pass. The crumbling rock gave way under him, and as Mary turned at the sound of the falling stones she saw him in the very act of falling headlong.

With a step as swift and sure as that of an Alpine mountaineer she rushed down the path. She found him lying senseless on a thicket of flowers. There was a red stain on the white roses that were crushed under his shoulder. She threw herself by his side, and drew his head on her lap. The blood oozing through his coat sleeve wet her hand. She thought he was dead, and thought of nothing else. She strained him close to her bosom, and kissed him as one who kisses without hope and in the sweep of wild despair. An exclamation made her raise her slow, dazed eyes, and she saw her sister standing close beside her.

SOME FEATHERED BRIGANDS OF THE AIR.

Among the many enemies which threaten to exterminate our game birds the powerful hawks of the air stand almost in the front rank, occupying a position, as it were, among the feathered tribes that can only be likened to brigands. Powerful of flight, keen of eye, swift as shooting arrows in their descent, bold and rapacious in their habits, and wild and roving in their continual search for prey, they form a species of enemy that few creatures, whether they be feathered or furred, can escape when pounced upon in the open. Among these terrible warriors of the air the buzzard-hawks occupy first place by virtue of their size and strength. East of the Mississippi four species are found, the great red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*) being the commonest and largest. Its loud scream, resembling the syllable *kal*, uttered now and then as it soars around in great circles, is familiar to the ears of most hunters. Its majestic appearance in the air has often been the theme of poets' songs; but the sportsman sees nothing but fair "game" in the circling creature sailing two to four hundred feet above his head. The shot-gun is not of much use for these birds, as they rarely approach within ordinary range of such an implement, but the stout body and long wings make a fair target for a rifle ball. When the bird has made half of its circle, and comes up against the wind, its flight is much slower, and the hunter's chance has come. The birds live almost entirely off such dainty food as ruffed grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, quail, rabbit, spruce-partridge, and migratory birds.

Nearly as large as the red-tailed hawk, but less majestic in its flight and habits, is Swainson's buzzard (*Buteo swainsoni*), which prefers to obtain its food by decoying birds from the bush, and then pouncing upon them from a short distance. Birds smaller than quails form their principal food, while many insects are devoured by them. To have sport with this bird, one must frighten it off its nest, when the cunning creature will limp and flutter away as if severely wounded. Follow it a sufficient distance from the nest, and it will suddenly rise up in the air and sail off to other parts. A fine shot is then offered. It has a wing expanse of some forty-nine inches or more, which offers a fair target for a ball.

The red-shouldered hawk (*Buteo lineatus*) is a trifle smaller than either of the above, and far more timid in its habits. It seldom ventures outside of the forest, where it obtains its food by perching itself on some old stump of a tree, and sitting motionless until some prey approaches its resting-place. The sight of an enemy coming through the forest is the signal for alarm, and it immediately sails up in the air to great heights. But just after it has finished a hearty meal, the gourmand becomes so gorged that rapid flying is almost impossible, and it cannot even sail around in the air for a long time at once. The hunter can at such times often get good shots at the creature. The broad-winged hawk (*Buteo pennsylvanicus*) resembles it somewhat, only the latter is more daring and fierce in its attacks. Hunger will often make it so bold that it will seize wounded game from before the very gun of the hunter.

Supplementing these large brigands of the air are many smaller species, which, though not so noble game, are far more common and easier of capture. Every duck-hunter is familiar with that destructive creature known as the peregrine, or duck-hawk, the powers of which have been known for years. It does not hesitate to attack game as large and even larger than itself, and its well-aimed, arrow-like blow seldom gives its victim a chance to retaliate. In New England it is called the great-footed hawk, and it may be found all along our Atlantic coast every year, following close on the heels of the spring and autumn flocks of ducks. The flight of the bird when in quest of prey is something astonishing, and it is a common occurrence for it to overtake the fleet-winged carrier-pigeon. German falconers train the birds for the express purpose of overtaking carrier-pigeons, which make them of great service in times of war. The courage and dash of the bird make it a favorite in spite of its destructive qualities. To shoot one of these rapid flyers when in pursuit of a flock of ducks, the hunter wants a shot-gun, well charged with heavy duck-shot. The bird does not soar about in the air as do the buzzard-hawks, but often approaches within a very reasonable distance of the gunner.

The little pigeon-hawk (*Falco columbarius*), though a tiny creature compared with the duck-hawk, rivals its larger companion in its rapid flying. It is seldom shot, even by the best of woodsmen. It is always on the move, restless and quick, watching with the keenest of eyes for danger or prey, and ready at a moment's notice to enter into the wildest sort of race. It doubles up, circles around, dodges, falls, and rises alternately with such rapid motion that the larger hawks can seldom capture it. They kill thousands of pigeons, doves, and robins every season, catching them with apparent ease.

Of the chicken-hawks, as they are called, the small Cooper's hawk (*Accipiter cooperi*) is probably the boldest and most destructive. It is a pretty bird, with a white breast and dark ashy-brown back, and it is found throughout North America. Everybody is its enemy, and it is killed whenever possible, which isn't every day in the week. It flies close to the ground for its prey, but its ever-watchful eye detects danger as quickly as it does food. Rabbits, grouse, squirrels, lizards, and snakes are also its prey.

A few other feathered brigands are worthy of passing notice. The little sharp-shinned hawk (*Accipiter fuscus*) imitates its larger companions in destroying wild pigeons, partridges, grouse, and song-birds so successfully that sportsmen are killing it whenever a shot is obtainable. The woodpecker is a quick bird, and can usually escape a hawk by darting around a tree; but the sharp-shinned hawks are too much even for these artful little birds. The hawks usually hunt in pairs, and they very easily out-wit the most cunning bird. They have a zigzag, wavering flight when they are searching a woods for prey. The squirrel-hawk is another destructive creature, that hangs about in the woods and along the sea-coast, destroying small birds by the wholesale. Squirrels, mice, moles, and reptiles are devoured by them. They are dull and sluggish compared with most of the other hawks, and lack their dash and boldness. The marsh-hawk, or harrier, is probably one of the least destructive of the whole feathered tribe of brigands. Its feeding-ground is low marshes, where it destroys field-mice and small birds. Agriculturists are in favor of protecting this bird, inasmuch as its services in destroying mice and moles more than compensate for its destruction done in other ways. It is easily shot by hunters, but it fights fiercely when only wounded. In the Southern States the planters welcome it, for it serves most effectually to drive rice-birds off the rice swamps. Unfortunately it has been trapped and shot so universally that it is getting very scarce in North America—a fact that cannot but be deplored by all who understand the nature of the bird.

George Ethelbert Walsh.

ARCHES OF TRIUMPH.

The accidental is sometimes more beautiful and worthy of life than objects wrought with anxiety by the trained hands of masters, but there is need of the eye of genius to seize and establish it as a type forever. The accidental plays a great part in triumphs of invention and the fine arts. Who has not wondered, when visiting the ruins of cathedrals in northern Europe, the remains of aqueducts near Rome, the lonely arch which marks the site of some forgotten mosque of Asia Minor, whether the finished building could possibly have had such grandeur and noble simplicity as its ruin? Were we able to see as they really once appeared the strange pyramidal temples of Yucatan, or the rugged, cyclopean buildings at Titicaca in Peru, would they impress us with so much awe as now, when the very races who fashioned them can hardly be detected among the aboriginal tribes of the land, and their antediluvian frames have all the advantage of apparent imperishability when seen unclothed of their former coverings? A single lancet-window that rears itself without a trace of painting, leading, or stained glass from a heap of stones over which the ivy runs wild may well be a more beautiful object than the church itself as it stood smug and prosperous with its shiny roof of lead, its profusion of pinnacles and finials, its neat wooden frames and colored panes of glass. The eye is no longer confused by many impressions, but follows the upward swing of the arch with the pleasure felt when tracing the swoop of the night-hawk. The sky relieves the noble simplicity of each curve, and the ruin seems to have to the highest degree that union of strength and delicacy which is so grateful in works of art.

Arches of triumph are but portions of buildings detached and glorified for a purpose above mere utility. Like most things, they spring from more than one root; they are, as we see them now and read of them in old books, merely the results of many phases of evolution. They are essentially Latin; for although Greece can boast at Athens of an exquisite example, whose smallness only brings out better its charm, the Arch of Hadrian is a Latin arch in honor of the Roman emperor of that name. It is crowned with the skeleton of a building in a purely Greek style. On either side, above and below, are the traces of the pillars which graced rather than gave any structural aid to the right and left of the passage. The same simple means of decoration is found at Rome in the Arch of Drusus, so called, which is not a triumphal arch at all, but merely the passageway for a street under an aqueduct. Yet the massive arch stones and prominent key, the well-detached columns that supported a false architrave, give it an air of distinction beneath the formless superincumbent mass of brick-work. Neither is the beautiful arch of the King's Tomb at Delhi triumphal, nor that in the ruins at Ephesus, nor in all probability that at Palmyra which is called the Arch of Triumph; they are the remains of lofty entrances or gates to old buildings. Yet among the ideas from which the true arch of triumph has sprung that of a gateway may be fairly reckoned.

Nations which did not use the arch in their buildings employed the independent detached portal as a mark of the highest honors. Perhaps the nation or tribe which left at Titicaca the square gateways hewn out of one gigantic stone had not reached this degree of specialization in architecture, and quite surely not the point of erecting one for a human being. But it is likely that the Peruvian monoliths were meant to honor a deity, or the spirits of the dead, like the gateways elaborately wrought in stone by the nations of Farther India. In Egypt the purpose of gateways as distinctive honors to a god is clear. The pylons at Karnak prepared the visitor for the great courts of the temple, for the solemn pillared inner halls, and the final cell, dark and mysterious, most ancient as well as most holy, where the god himself dwelt behind a veil.

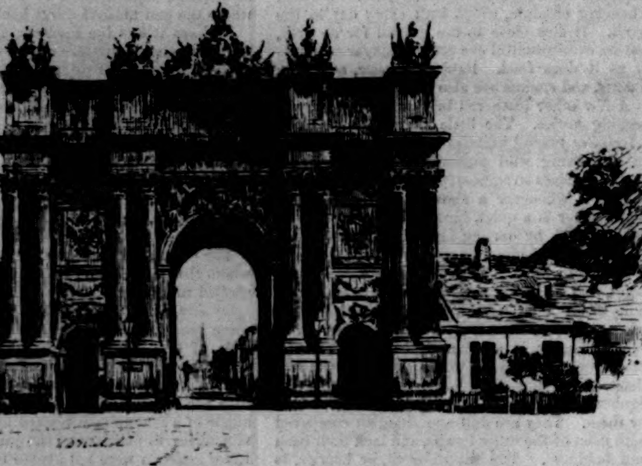
Perhaps it was the Etruscan federation which gave to Rome the pattern out of which the Latins evolved the earliest arches of triumph, making them more luxurious and permanent as they became rich with the booty of conquered and of slowly despoiled provinces. A certain connection between such buildings and the state religion to be noted points that way, for most of the forms of religion, most of the elements in the state-craft and architecture of the Romans, came from Etruria. But this strange old people could only have supplied the germs.

The early Romans caused those captives in war whom they wished to humiliate and then send despoiled to their towns to pass under an Arch of Ignominy, which was handily set up by the aid of three long spears, one lashed across the upper ends of two others which were thrust in the ground. Having made the common herd pass under the yoke, the commander returned to Rome with the captive leaders in hopes to receive the honor of a triumph—a reward by no means certain, owing to politics and the jealousies of rivals. Later generals were not averse to have at Rome itself, when a triumph was decreed to them, a representation of the yoke on a large scale, which the enthusiasm of the citizens decked with inscriptions and hung with trophies composed of captured armor and weapons. In the timber arches temporarily placed across the Sacred Way on such occasions, we may confidently find the main root of the stately arched buildings of stone and marble, decked with sculptures and bronze statues, of a later day.

With the development of her architecture from contact with Asia Minor there came a development of the science of honoring the gods and great men. The Arch of Triumph when made of imperishable materials was no longer a "yoke" for the captives in the procession of a victorious general, no longer an erection of squared beams to support painted words of welcome and trophies, but an ornament for the city, for whose erection great sums were spent and the best architects engaged, whether these were Etruscans, or Greeks of Asia Minor or Greece proper, or Romans learned in the sciences of the East. Bass-reliefs covered their shafts and ran up inside the sweep of the arch. The shafts came to be hollowed out in side arches for the convenience of foot-passengers. Front and rear were crowded with figures emblematical or realistic, sometimes to the detriment of the monument, so that those who could not read might know where and over what nation the conqueror had triumphed. The entablatures between architrave and cornice before and behind were made high in order to receive the severe but vainglorious, the highly abbreviated but pompous, record of the deed and the giver of the monument. The top was decorated with figures in bronze richly gilt, sometimes with horses and chariot, heroes afoot, and equestrian statues at the four corners. Finally, as one triumphal arch was neglected and went to ruin, another was clothed with the sculptures and decked with the figures plundered from it. Thus the Arch of Trajan at Rome—not the Ancona arch of the wood-cut—on which stood in bronze a chariot and six horses, with Trajan on the car and six generals afoot, had to yield up many of its bass-reliefs to ornament the Arch of Constantine, shown herewith.

Though the Romans were materialists rather than a religious folk, they were in the habit of connecting their triumphal arches with the temple, and probably in epochs of less luxury brought the two into much closer relationship. In B.C. 190 Scipio Africanus built an arch on the hill of the Capitol facing the road that led up to the temple of Jupiter. On the top were seven gilded bronze statues and two horses; before the arch stood two marble cisterns. Six years before, Stertinius brought such spoil from Farther Spain that he erected two in the old cattle market, the Forum Boarium, one of which, according to Livy, stood before the Temple of Fortune. Thus these early arches have somewhat the same position before a temple as the pylons or honorary gateway before the temple at Karnak. After a victory over the Allobrogi of Gaul, in which Bituitus, King of the Arverni, was captured and taken to Rome (B.C. 120), a commander who bore the old and famous name Quintus Fabius Maximus erected an arch in the Great Forum. Victories won by Claudius over the Britons were the excuse for an arch erected A.D. 43, and pulled down in the sixteenth century by Pope Alexander VII. The emperor was in a four-horse chariot, between trophies, probably of bronze gilt. That of Marcus Aurelius was destroyed A.D. 1563. The Arch of Titus, still standing, was erected by Domitian in honor of Vespasian and Titus, and is famous for the triumph over the taking of Jerusalem; note the seven-branched candlestick sculptured in the reliefs, still visible even in the little wood-cut here shown. The arch was part of a fortification during the Middle Ages, where the Frangipani clan had its robber nest in defiance of civic government. The Arch of Septimius Severus was erected in honor not only of Severus but of Caracalla and Geta. When Caracalla murdered his brother he had the inscriptions mutilated wherever Geta's name appeared. The base is of travertine stone, but encrusted with slabs of marble; the arch is of Pentelic marble. On the top was a six-horse chariot, with Severus crowned by a Victory. Caracalla and Geta stood beside the car, and equestrian statues were at each angle. Rome had a vast wealth of arches, triumphal and otherwise, and it still has more than any other city in the world.

But at present France rivals Italy in the number and beauty of its triumphal arches, ancient and modern. Without including Algiers, where several fine arches exist more or less preserved, there are Roman arches at Cavallon, Carpentras, Langres, and Besançon, and two at the ends of a



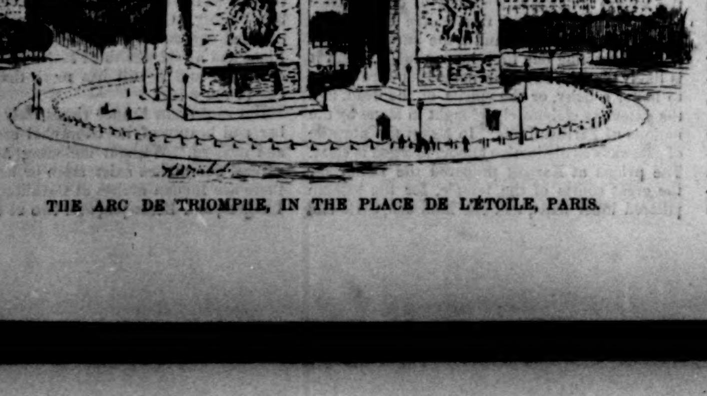
THE BRANDENBURG GATE, POTSDAM, PRUSSIA.

bridge at St.-Chamas, Provence, which are probably antique. At St.-Rémy a triumphal arch of a single passage has the archivolt sculptured with fruits and flowers; figures of slaves are in relief on the front. One of very remarkable magnificence at Reims was built into the old wall of that town. But the most distinguished example of the period when Gaul formed an integral part of the Roman Empire is the arch at Orange in Provence, whence the famous house of Holland took its title. The early Greek influence of Marseilles is supposed to show itself in this beautiful structure by a lighter style of architecture than the arches which are extant in the Eternal City. It has side passages for pedestrians, and, like that at St.-Rémy, decorations of fruit and flowers, together with human figures in relief, now greatly defaced. A very beautiful arch across the Rue de Nazareth in Paris, on which the monograms of Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers figured, was doomed in 1841, when Didron entered protest against its destruction. Lille has an arch of triumph to Louis XIV. But the present century is not lacking in these effective objects of decoration. To France is due the classical arch of triumph at Milan in honor of Napoleon the Consul, which is one of the illustrations given. About 1808 the modern Charlemagne wished to erect an arch on the Place Bastille, but objections were made by the Académie des Beaux Arts, or else it was not the policy of Napoleon for the time being to honor the Revolution that far. Paris has, however, two triumphal arches of great beauty, one being the smaller building which stands between the Louvre and the former site of the Tuileries. It is no small merit in this that it gives to the full the impression of its size, whilst it has been said with perfect justice of its great rival at the upper end of the Champs Élysées, the celebrated Arc de Triomphe, Place de l'Étoile, that only by a good deal of examination can one realize how very large it is. The smaller is therefore more Roman in one sense than the larger, which is here reproduced on a much smaller scale than the other arches. For if the arches in Italy have one virtue more than another—and this is also true of the antique arches in France—it is that they impress one with their size and dignity beyond what might be expected of their comparatively small size. Looking at the Louvre arch, and then at the Arc de l'Étoile, who would imagine that the latter is almost as big as the front of Notre Dame?

Standing isolated from other buildings, railed off from the approach of carriages, this magnificent and largest of all known arches of triumph requires something near it to give an inkling of its majestic bulk. Seen from afar, however, from the suburbs of Paris, it towers up like a giant, and deserves the verses made in its honor by Victor Hugo. Chalgrin was the architect to whom it was intrusted. It is 150 feet wide, 158 feet high and 75 feet deep. From 1833 to 1841 it cost about $500,000, and an authority writing in 1862 placed the cost up to that time at a little over $2,000,000. It is possible that with a tithe of that sum it might give at first look an equally good impression, but it could never have stood criticism as it now does when seen from all points of view and from many varying distances. Seen from the suburbs, it would have been lost.

Just at present New York is interested in the marble arch proposed for Washington Square. The sum fixed for the arch itself ($100,000) compels extreme modesty with respect to size, nor can we expect from the sum mentioned for sculptures ($50,000) anything approaching in richness and variety the decorations of the great arch in Paris. But such an arch and such decorations would be utterly out of place in a modest neighborhood like Washington Square. The simple, substantial old dwellings on the north side demand an arch of modest dimensions, with few sculptures, but these of the best. Triumphal arches are generally overloaded with decorations at first, time dealing mercifully with them when it thins out the statues. There can be little doubt that at Rome, and also in Gaul, triumphal arches were painted with bright colors to accentuate the architectural details. Marble slabs and sculptured panels glittered on their sides, the bronze statues on them were gilt, and the whole arch glowed with purple and fine linen, like a city father on his curule chair. Doubtless, also, they were often painted in bad taste, for it is not likely that the Roman who dared to paint architecture like the Greek would have the artistic instinct to restrain his hand and use color merely to enhance the beauty of the edifice.

From such bold lines we are debarred by the taste of the day, and especially by the necessity of keeping close to the ideals of our forefathers a century ago. The most we can do is to make up for colors by stronger lines in the monochrome of marble, unless, indeed, the architect has the courage to use other marbles than Carrara white to relieve its uniformity of tint. It is possible to imagine results far more beautiful than any arch or any temple known to the ancients by using marbles of varying shades, chosen with all the taste and care employed by our makers of stained glass when composing a window. But such an attempt, fascinating from its novelty, has the drawback of adding greatly to the expense. We shall probably have to be thankful for the present if we can get in clear white marble something similar to the simple, dignified arch in wood erected by Mr. Stanford White. There is also a poetic justification for an extremely simple monument, when we reflect for what purpose it is raised. We do not wish to impress the world with our great riches as a commonwealth; that would be a poor way of celebrating the hero of Valley Forge. But while desirous of recalling by the terms of the memorial the massive simple character of Washington, we are also concerned with showing that worldly success has not made us vulgar as a people, and that the close of the century finds the Republic keen to distinguish between good and bad art. A small and rather severely simple arch may do good as a denial of the charge that we care nothing for quality, everything for quantity; that so long as things are big, we do not mind if they are ugly. An arch of triumph which has the Greek quality of exquisiteness of proportion in all its parts will be a wholesome makeweight to the Bartholdi statue and the Brooklyn Bridge. CHARLES DE KAY.



THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, IN THE PLACE DE L'ÉTOILE, PARIS.

THE REVIVAL OF SPECULATION.

THE dealings in railway and other stocks on the Stock Exchange yesterday footed up over half a million shares. A good many months have passed since the transactions were so large upon a rising market. The last bull market practically culminated in the latter part of 1886. In December of that year moderate stringency in the money market caused a sudden collapse of the most extensive speculation Wall Street has ever known. There was a partial recovery in prices during the first half of 1887, but the effects of over-speculation checked the rising tide, and the disasters resulting from overbuilding of railways in the Northwest and Southwest followed closely, influencing a declining market throughout the year 1888.

The period of depression, whether reckoned from the climax in 1886 to the truce between the Western roads last December, or from the flurry in the so-called specialties in the spring of 1887 to the revival of speculation to-day, covers about two years. It has been an exceedingly trying period to Wall Street, for its business has dwindled away until some of its would-be philosophers have questioned whether the public had not determined to permanently boycott the Stock Exchange. Investors have also suffered severely. Yet when the defaults by railroad corporations are considered, the experience of the owners of railroad securities has not been as bitter as on previous similar occasions. They have simply had to contribute their share toward repairing the exhaustion that is constantly recurring in this rapidly growing country. Capital was responsible for the ambitious and excessive railway building that weakened nearly every company whose lines stretch out across the Mississippi Valley and beyond. It has had to participate in the inevitable reaction, and has only itself to blame for having been too enthusiastic as to results, or unwise in the selection of those upon whose judgment it has relied.

Since the managers of the Western trunk lines resolved early last winter to obey the Inter-State Commerce Law there has been a growing discussion in Wall Street as to whether the end of the bear market was not at hand, and better times in sight. The progress of that discussion has been noted in this column, colored perhaps with a conviction that time would vindicate those who contended for the affirmative. The developments having a favorable bearing upon the value of railway securities have not taken place rapidly. At least not rapidly enough for so impatient a community as Wall Street. But it is important to note that the tendency of events is almost uniformly toward better results for the capital that is invested in railroad property. Certainly some progress has been made toward a higher standard of corporate management, and the indications are that railroad managers as a rule have begun to appreciate that the public expects them to conduct their business according to the established principles of commercial morality, and that they can be legally punished if they fall back into any of the reprehensible practices that have always been productive of rate wars.

Nature has thus far countenanced, if indeed she has not to a great extent inspired, the more hopeful feeling that is beginning to prevail both in and out of Wall Street. Should the promises of greater integrity in the management of corporations and of excellent crops be fulfilled, the results will be all that could be desired. The first condition alone is already giving increased earnings over last year. The speculative element does not hesitate to discount the last-named condition, and to that extent it has rendered a signal service in helping to get the market under way. During the week now closing especially, the people who trade on margins and the brokers who turn stocks in the market for a living have been instrumental in bringing the bears to terms. The element that is bent upon depressing values has, as every one knows, ceased to be aggressive. It no longer contests the improvement in prices, and to an extent may have already enlisted upon the long side. Of course there is always a certain number of straggling operators who fail to appreciate the big turns in prices that take place every few years.

The period of depression from which the security market seems now to be emerging has not been devoid of advantages. They may have been unsought, but that has not prevented their improvement. The opportunity has been offered to effect changes in the ownership of several important properties, and whatever has been done in that line has been with a view toward greater harmony in the railway world. A number of weak roads have been absorbed by larger ones with which they would naturally affiliate, and this work is still going on. It cannot be checked. Besides, alliances between large competitors are probable, especially in the case of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul company, which, according to current and plausible reports, is likely to be established in very close relations to the Chicago and Northwestern road. The control of the Oregon and Transcontinental company has been sought by a combination of capitalists, with the view of securing the unification of all of the roads in the extreme Northwest. Of course it may be argued that this tendency is toward monopoly, but it cannot be overcome simply on that ground. The effect of the most important anti-railroad legislation on the statute books, the Inter-State Commerce Law, is to force the railroads together, especially the weaker ones into the control of the stronger. Since the railway became a factor in the country's progress, the cry of monopoly has attended each successive consolidation, yet the public has not suffered; on the contrary, has obtained better service, while the value of securities has invariably been enhanced. COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, May* 25, 1889.

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WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

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For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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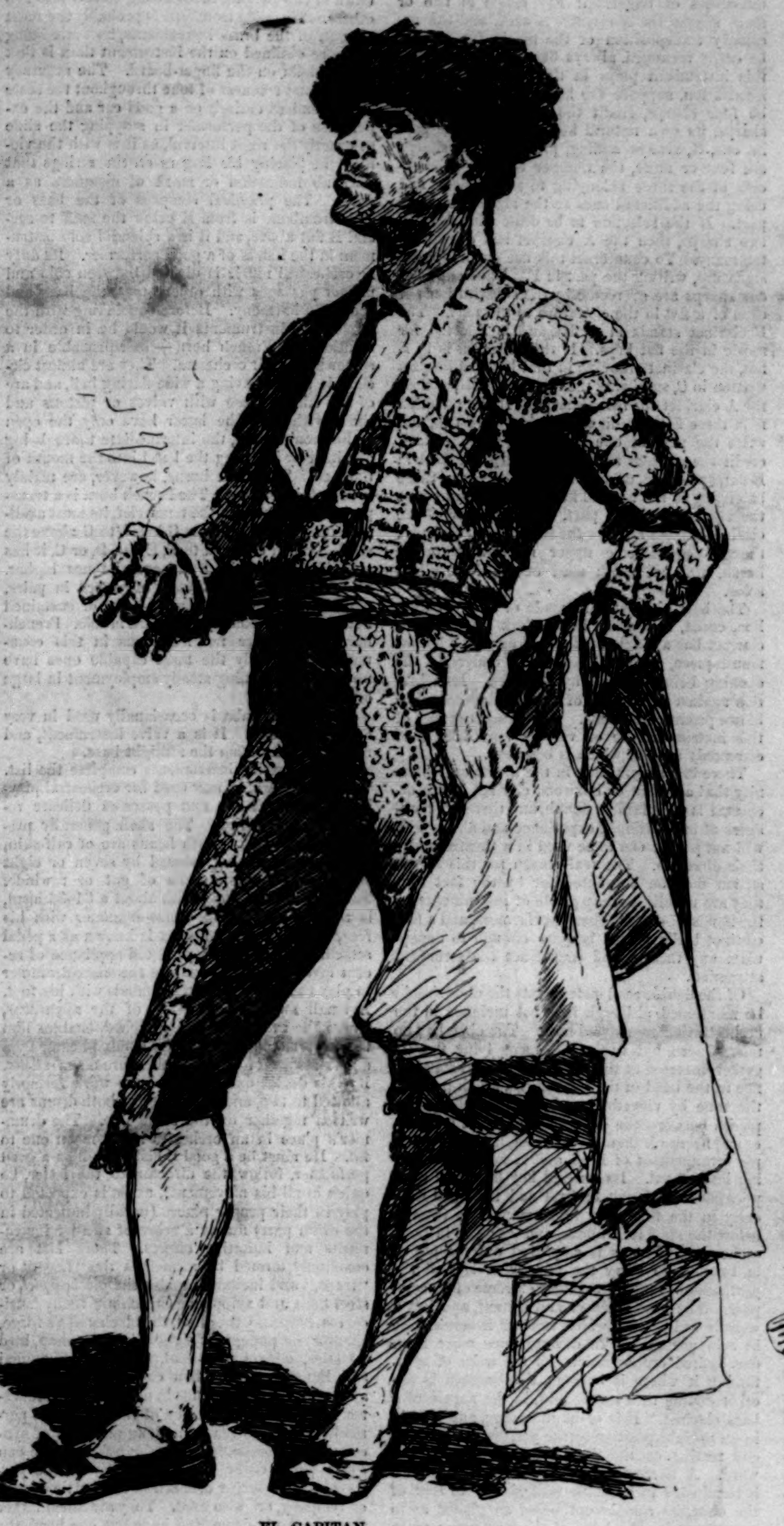
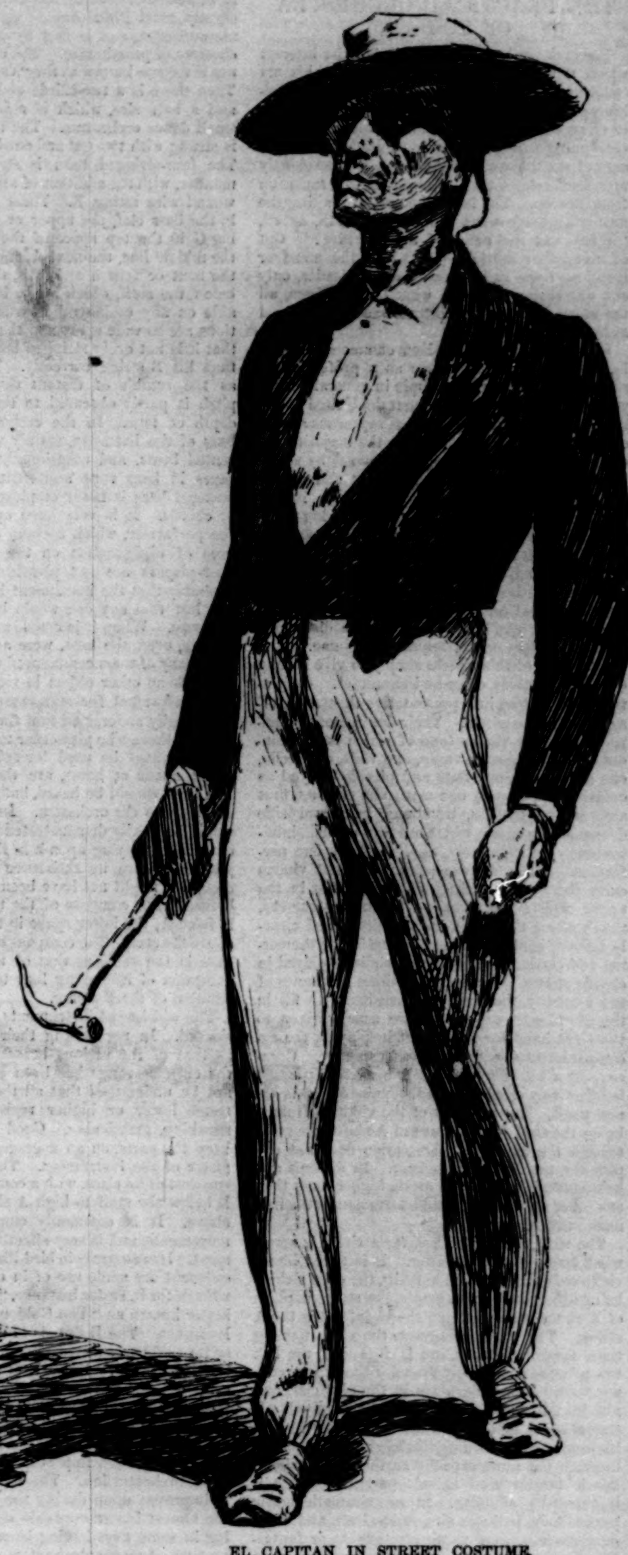


EL CAPITAN.



EL CAPITAN IN STREET COSTUME.

BULL-FIGHTING IN MEXICO.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER. ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

I.

ON the whole, bull-fighting is the closest link that unites our partially civilized present with our wholly barbaric past. The sentiment that pervades the great crowd in a bull-ring is the same sentiment that pervaded the greater crowd in the Roman circus—the instinctive desire of the healthy savage to see blood shed. In the modern game the points of interest are the killing of three animals: a bull, a horse, and a man. The bull always is killed, the horse usually is killed, and the man is killed with a sufficient frequency to enliven each round of the performance with pleasingly exciting possibilities. Of course nobody exactly wants the man to be gored to death; but he is there to take the chances, and should the chances go against him, there will be nobody to blame but himself. And the spectacle of seeing him prodded into eternity on the horns of a bull affords a thrilling experience, that will furnish each spectator with a story over which he may smack his lips in the telling for the rest of his life.

It is not surprising that this rudimentary survival of a species of sport that found its highest expression in Rome in the exhibition of men killing each other should linger longest among the Spanish-speaking races; for as the language of these races is the nearest of all living languages to colloquial Latin, so are many of their customs closest to the customs of Roman times. And in Mexico the love for bull-fighting has taken root all the more firmly because it is an amusement wholly in keeping with the traditions and customs of the country. The primitive Mexicans had their gladiatorial combats as spirited as those of Rome, and they had also a nice taste in getting up fights between wild beasts, and between wild beasts and men. In the Aztec composition there was, indeed, a strain of affable cruelty—manifested in a curious combination of a liking for bloody spectacles with a gentle love of flowers—quite in harmony with the chivalrous cruelty of their Spanish conquerors. And so it is that the Indian of to-day, who pays his *peseta* for a seat in the sun in the big bull-ring out on the Paseo, is moved by the same desire to see blood spilt in accordance with the rules of art, as was his ancestor of four centuries ago, who, without paying anything at all, was privileged to see the fights between man and beast, and the still better fights between man and man, which were organized by the chiefs of Tenochtitlan for their own and their people's amusement. And the members of upper class Mexican society, who have paid from one to ten dollars for their seats in the shade at the same show, are thrilled by the same feelings which stirred their remote kinsfolk two thousand years ago in the Circus Maximus. Civilization, we should bear in mind, is but a slow growth under the most favorable conditions; and before we condemn harshly our Latin cousins for their degenerate tastes we will do well to remember how heavily they have been handicapped in the world's march of progress; and also how short a time ago it was that our own ancestors in London and in Paris found a very lively enjoyment in the baiting of bulls and bears.

II.

Whatever change may come later, it is certain that at present bull-fighting is the most popular sport in Mexico. Cock-fighting, to be sure—though this is decidedly a plebeian amusement—is well esteemed; but the love for bull-fighting is a national passion. Every city, every town, has its *plaza de toros*, its bull-ring. As a rule, these structures are not elegant. They are less for ornament than for vigorous use. In form they are circular or oval, the outer wall of framed wood or *adobe*, and the inner wall surrounding the arena—leaving a passageway four or five feet wide between the arena and the first row of benches—of strong posts and stout planks. The seats in the sun and a portion of the seats in the shade are board benches without backs; on the shaded side, above the benches, rows of boxes are arranged, in which are chairs. The Mexican bull-ring, in fact, is a rough copy of the Roman circus; and sometimes, as in the case of the handsome stone ring at Morelia, the structure very well might be a survival of Roman times. Access to the arena is had by two passages beneath the tiers of seats, through one of which the bull-fighters enter, while through the other the bull is driven in; and for the better protection of the bull-fighters, short barriers of heavy plank (*burladeras*) are erected in the arena, behind which the *capeadores* can dodge when too closely pressed by the bull's horns. The great buildings recently erected in the City of Mexico—on the repeal of the law forbidding bull-fighting in the Federal District—are of wood, and have about them no element of magnificence save that of enormous size.

It was esteemed a hopeful sign by the better class of Mexican citizens when the law excluding bull-fighting from the Federal District was passed; and it certainly was a move in the right direction, although its practical effect was not very far reaching. What it actually led to was the establishment of bull-rings at the Huisachal and Tlalnepantla, just over the District line, and easily reached from the city by tramway; and it stimulated greatly the bull-fighting industry in Toluca, a city forty miles away on the line of the Mexican National Railway. Special trains were run to and from Toluca on Sundays and great feast days, and the railroad company made a good thing out of the District government's spasm of virtue. But popular pressure was too strong for the government to maintain its high moral stand, and in a short time the law was repealed. The eagerness of the citizens to enjoy their favorite sport, together with proof of the amount of money that they

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THE PRACTICAL ORCHESTRA OF TO-DAY.

Perhaps no better illustration of the interest which the American musician takes in his art could be furnished than is suggested by the following authentic anecdote: Not long ago the leader of an orchestra in a New England town while conducting an overture dropped dead. The manager of the theatre in which this occurred shortly afterward related the circumstance to a musician from Boston. The latter, instead of making the natural inquiry what caused his death, asked, "What was the name of the overture?" Out of nine other musicians to whom the manager mentioned the sudden death of the leader, only one was curious to learn what he died from, all the rest asking what overture was being played at the time.

Something of the enthusiasm commonly evinced by those who follow music as a profession is shared by the American people in general. And yet, while thousands throughout the United States listen nightly, with more or less rapturous appreciation, to orchestral selections, the majority are entirely ignorant of the *modus operandi* by which this music is produced; they do not understand the relative importance of the various instruments which contribute to the inspiring measures; in short, they are impressed by orchestral music without knowing how the delicious mixture is compounded, so to speak.

All of the instruments employed in the ordinary theatrical orchestra of to-day can be traced to ancient origin, but to enter upon a discussion of their history would require a volume. It is the purpose of this article simply to give certain details as to their office and character. Orchestras such as play in representative theatres average twelve members. Their instruments comprise two first violins (one of which is the conductor's), one second violin, one viola, one 'cello, one contrabass, one flute and piccolo (played as occasion requires by one man), one clarinet, first and second cornets, trombone, bass and side drums and cymbals, which are now played simultaneously or separately, as desired, by one performer. With few exceptions the first violins carry the melody, written in most cases in the upper register or positions of the instrument, thus making the lead more prominent and clearly defined, being usually an octave above the cornet and clarinet. The second violin is played in chords of two, three, and sometimes four notes of the harmony, the common form being to fill in the after-beats, or such as are usually given to the right hand for the pianist in playing the accompaniment to songs and other melody. Occasionally a bit of melody, unison, or solo passage is effectively employed, and sustained chords are also used. The compass of the violin is from G below the staff to the octave of A above the staff, though the average orchestration does not employ the extreme high register. In difficult and brilliant solo work it may attain higher tones than any other stringed or wind instrument in the harmonic nodes.

The viola, often mistaken for a violin, is somewhat larger than the latter. It is tuned like a violin only as it is tuned in fifths, the open strings being different. For example, the string in place of E on the violin is A on the viola, and is the A string. The other strings on the viola, naming them toward the bass, are D, G, and C, the last two being of gut heavily wound with silver or copper wire. The viola plays in the alto clef, and not in the tenor as commonly accredited. It stands seven tones below the violin when read in its proper clef. Ordinarily the viola is employed in much the same capacity as the second violin, but is largely used in solo parts, for which it is extremely effective. In melodramatic music particularly, pathetic airs, *mysteriosos*, and other numbers requiring passionate quality or fantastic effect, are given by the viola *sordini*, or, in other words, with the addition of a little implement which slips over the bridge between the strings, pinching it tightly, thus muting the tone and lending it additional beauty and softness. The richness and substantial body of tone of the viola are a peculiar quality not supplied by any other instrument, the nearest approach to it being the 'cello. It is all-important, but is not used in many good orchestras. Its compass ranges from low C to E above the staff in the alto clef.

Next of the strings comes the noble human-voiced 'cello—one of the greatest of all orchestral solo instruments, perhaps the greatest. It ranks in the harmony of strings between the viola and the contrabass. At times it carries the melody with magnificent and stately effect, and is largely employed in pizzcatti accompaniments and apoggatures. Its resources in the hands of an expert performer are almost as limitless as are those of the violin itself, and of the two it is undoubtedly the more difficult, owing to its greater size and the complications of its technique. Its compass is from C below the bass staff to E, the upper space in the treble, the tenor clef being employed for the tones intervening between the upper bass and the lower treble, for convenience of writing and reading at sight. It will thus be seen that although the 'cello is a bass instrument, it is played in three different clefs.

The contrabass, also known as the double bass, C bass, and basso, completes the quintette of stringed instruments, and it may be said that the entire harmony and melody of any well-arranged orchestration is contained in this quintette, distributed according to the taste and judgment of the arranger. The basso, as is well known, is the foundation upon which is built all melody and harmony. Without it music would be colorless and without effect. This instrument, the largest of all the stringed family, is often appropriately dubbed "the father of all fiddles." There is considerable variation in the contrabass, both in the size and the manner of tuning. The full-size double bass is not common in America. It is, however, used by the Theodore Thomas orchestra, most Philharmonic societies, the Germania orchestra, and in fact by all of the large orchestras of prominence. The instrument most in use is the one known as the "three-quarters size." Then there is a two-thirds size, not so common, and a half size, which is more popular among small dance orchestras. The three-stringed bass is strung with two gut and one heavy wire wound. The four-stringed bass is strung in the same manner, with the addition of another and a larger wound wire string, E. These strings are tuned in the bass clef, the upper or smaller string being G in the top space of the staff, the next D, the middle line, the next A, the lower space, and the next or fourth string E, the first leger line below the staff, which is the lowest note attainable on any orchestral instrument. The vibrations are so wide apart and the tone so profound that it is not every stringed bass-player who can tune his E string correctly. The open tone is as the rumble of distant thunder. Its actual pitch is partly obscured to the ear by its great depth of tone. In the orchestra it plays the bass of the harmony, mainly written on the accented beats, and occasionally having solo passages in bass runs and sustained notes. The stringed bass is never employed in double stops or chords. It is very hard upon the fingers of the performer, which become calloused to a degree of disfiguration on the left hand. Good bass-players are not plentiful, for the reason probably that the instrument is, next to a drum, the last that any one would be apt to learn for pleasure. When it is considered that all professionals, even the best, were amateurs once, and that many of them commenced their musical studies with no other object in view than to become fair performers for amusement only, it will be more easily understood that the double-bass-players, and those who play other musical instruments which cannot be used for solo purposes or for social music at home, are the hardest to find. The bass should be heard, but it should not predominate in the orchestra. Its great importance would be clearly demonstrated were the performer to cease playing upon it in the midst of a composition where its assistance was requisite, although it might not have been especially noticed before. The compass of the three-stringed bass is from A, the lower space in the bass clef, to G above the staff. The compass of the four-stringed bass is the same as that of the three, with the exception of its having four tones lower by the addition of the E string.

The wood wind instruments may next be considered. In mentioning their compass, as well as that of the various brass wind instruments, the extreme range has been given; but it must not be understood that all the tones in the extreme lower or higher register are, generally speaking, practicable. Good arrangers usually keep the parts, on an average, in the middle register of the instrument. The D piccolo is the smallest of its class, with a compass ranging from D below the staff to high A sharp in the octave above. It is commonly employed in brilliant movements, and is very effective as a solo instrument. Its resources in bird-like effects, trills, and cadenzas are made use of in characteristic solos written for it, as for instance, "The Nightingale," better known as "The Golden Robin Polka," by Bousquet. The D flute is of the same character, so far as form and arrangement of the keys, mainly, is concerned. But it is of considerably greater length and calibre than the piccolo. It is employed in unison and octave passages with the violin, clarinet, and other treble instruments, which may be said to be its minor office. It is one of the most important solo instruments in good orchestration. The flute has been greatly improved upon during the past twenty years, the almost insurmountable difficulties of fingering in some keys having been overcome by new systems of mechanical action covering the holes, among them the Bohem system, which brings the manipulation of the entire arrangement of keys in a natural position under the fingers for any key or combination of notes, no matter how difficult. The extreme compass of the flute is from C below the staff to high A sharp. *En passant* it may be remarked that the most expensive flutes, made entirely of silver or other fine metal, cost as high as three hundred dollars. Professionals, however, generally prefer, particularly for orchestral use, those which are made of wood.

Next comes the clarinet, ranked, perhaps, first in importance among the wood wind instruments. To avoid complications of fingering, three clarinets are used by the performer. They are, beginning with the smallest, respectively in C, B flat, and A. There are also E flat and D clarinets, but they are rarely employed in American orchestras. The clarinet, with the exception of the C, is known as a transposing instrument, as in using the B or the A the music is *written* in a different key from that of the violin, or, in other words, from that in which the music is actually performed. The reason for this is not generally understood outside of the circle of professional musicians. Hence it may be pardonable to enter into a rather more detailed explanation.

Let us take, for example, a selection in the key of three sharps, A. Were the clarinet part written for the C clarinet, the music would be in three sharps; but in performing, the same technical difficulties of fingering, not impossible but impracticable, would be encountered. Were the part for this same selection written for B clarinet, the music would be in five sharps, or B natural—a still more complicated and next to impossible combination of fingering. Now to the point: Write the part in C, the natural key, for the A clarinet, and its execution is made easy, because this clarinet stands in the key of A, and really performs its own transposing of the music written for it in C. In arranging orchestral clarinet parts, the C clarinet is used mainly in the keys of C, G, and F, because they present but few difficulties of fingering. For music in two or more sharps the A clarinet is used, and the necessary transposition of the music for it may be easily reckoned, always bearing in mind that this instrument plays in three sharps. As an illustration, suppose the key of the selection to be four sharps, credit the clarinet with three sharps, its own natural key, and write the part in one, G, always adding, provided the sharps are four or more, the number of sharps in excess of the three belonging to the clarinet, and using the additional ones as the signature to the part. If the selection to be dealt with were in two sharps, then the A clarinet has one sharp too many. To counteract this use one flat in the signature, writing the part in F. Thus superfluous sharps are overcome by the substitution per each of a flat in the signature to the part. The B clarinet stands in B flat, and is selected for music in the flat keys. If the selection is in B flat, the clarinet standing in that key has its part written in C, supplying the two flats itself, as does the A clarinet for three sharps. If the selection is in three flats, credit the clarinet with two, and write the part in one flat, F; if in four flats, credit the clarinet as before, writing the part in B flat, and so on, using all flats in excess of those belonging to the natural key of the instrument as the signature to the part. The register of the clarinet is from E below the staff to high G above; though the extreme upper register is rather harsh, and not much used except in brilliant solos.

The best clarinets are made of ebony, mahillion, cocoa, and other heavy dark woods. The clarinet has a single reed placed against a hollow mouth-piece, open and flat on the underside, the opening being covered by the reed. Its vibration against the flat lip of the mouth-piece when blown produces the tone. The cheaper grades of this instrument are of various materials, most commonly used of which is boxwood.

There is a superstition in the theatrical fraternity that a yellow or boxwood clarinet in the orchestra is an infallible Jonah, and there are managers of unquestioned experience and ability who will not permit one to be used in a theatre under their direction. The real reason for this superstition may be accounted for by the fact that they are usually a cheap grade of instruments, in the hands of equally cheap performers, and a bad clarinet badly played is quite enough to depopulate any theatre and counteract the strongest attraction.

Of the double reed instruments the oboe should be mentioned, although it is not included in the orchestration considered here. The oboe has no mouth-piece, but two small reeds lying flat together, inserted at their lower end in a small orifice in the head of the instrument, which produce the tone by vibrating against each other when placed between the lips and blown. It is smaller and narrower than the clarinet, has a very simple arrangement of keys, and is not a transposing instrument. Its natural key is C, and complications of sharps or flats add technical difficulty to the fingering. Its compass is from B below the staff to E above, and its office in large orchestras, where it is employed only, singly or in twos, is to carry the melody or second the part, seldom ranging to either extreme of its compass. The tone is sweet and distant, and has a weirdly sad quality which renders it serviceable in solo passages. To deviate once more from our limited orchestration, for the sake of mentioning it where it belongs, the bassoon is another double reed instrument, in the nature of a bass clarinet. It is of large calibre, and is held in an upright position by the performer, its lower end resting on the floor, the bell pointing upward. A narrow curved tube connecting with it terminates in a double reed similar to that of the oboe, its attachment being so placed as to come opposite the head of the performer when seated. The music is written in the bass clef, ranging from B sharp below the staff to the second B flat above, the other tones above and below being quite imperfect. The part written for it embraces unison, bass running accompaniment, and sustained harmony.

Of the brass wind instruments the cornet is the leading one. Like the clarinet, it is a transposing instrument. Its form is too familiar to every reader to need description. Its natural key is B flat. An extra shank a few inches in length is inserted in place of one of the crooks of the tubing, which throws the instrument in the key of A. The same rules for transposing the parts for A and B clarinet already described apply to the A and B cornet, except that its compass is more limited, and very high notes, except in difficult solos, are avoided. Melody in solo or in unison, alto, and sustained harmony are the principal use of the cornet, the second cornet being rarely employed for melody, except where the brass is heavily used in unison, trumpet passages, etc. The cornet is one of the most versatile instruments of the orchestra, and the rivalry among cornet virtuosos in this country is carried to an almost absurd extent. Its compass is from F sharp below the staff to C above. In the hands of some performers it is made to produce a species of musical pyrotechnics between these two extremes more astonishing sometimes for technical than for tuneful skill. The distressingly red and contorted appearance which the face of the cornetist assumes during a prolonged measure results from the contraction of the muscles of his lips and cheeks, and not, as many people suppose, from his blowing great volumes of wind into his instrument.

The slide trombone is really the most perfect of all the brass instruments, as it is the only one capable of making fractional distinctions in the chromatic scale, such as the difference between B flat and A sharp. The stringed instruments are the only others capable of splitting musical hairs, as it were. It has no valves, all the variations of tone being obtained by the sliding up or down of two parallel tubes fitting closely into two others. The slide trombone is probably the most difficult of the brass instruments, its scale being no more outlined on the instrument than is that of the violin on the finger-board. The accuracy of pitch and trueness of tone throughout the scale are dependent entirely on a good ear and the expertness of the performer in stopping the slide at exactly the right interval, as it is with the violinist in placing his fingers on the strings that have no indication or mark of distances as a guide. The practical compass of the bass or slide trombone is from E below the staff to second B flat above, and it is a splendid solo instrument in the hands of a good performer. Its duty in orchestral music is divided between solo and unison passages with other brass, the bass and sustained harmony. Before concluding with the brass wind instruments it would be in order to mention the French horn—indispensable in a somewhat larger orchestra. They are almost circular in shape, having a wide flaring bell, and are of two kinds, those with valves or pistons and those without. The latter have only the open or harmonic tones, the intermediate tones being obtained by inserting the hand into the mouth of the bell. The valve horns, however, are mainly used in this country. The French horn is a transposing instrument in the tenor clef, its most available compass being from G below to G above the staff. When changed to E, E flat, D, or C, it has an additional register of several tones higher. The French horn is usually employed in pairs, playing the harmony in after-beats or sustained notes, and occasionally it is heard in solo. French-horn players are not numerous in this country; consequently the most capable ones have no trouble in finding steady employment in large orchestras.

The bass or tuba is occasionally used in very large orchestras. It is a valve instrument, and rarely deviates from the straight bass.

The percussion instruments complete the list. The snare-drum, as now used for orchestral playing, is very shallow, and possesses delicate resources of vibration. The shell generally preferred is of wood. Both heads are of calf-skin, the lower one being crossed by seven or eight snares or twisted strands of gut or rawhide. The bass-drum, usually with about a 34–36 head, is now played by the snare-drummer with his foot, which is set upon what is known as a pedal attachment. This is a patented appliance of recent invention, which enables the snare-drummer to play the bass-drum and cymbals with his foot. A small switch on the top of the apparatus, where the cymbal is also attached, enables him to connect or disconnect the cymbal-beater by a slight stroke of one of the snare-drum sticks. By this device one man does the work formerly allotted to two, and the parts for both drums are written together on the same line. The drummer's place in an orchestra is no mean one to fill. He must be a good timist as well as a good performer, follow the director to the letter, be quick in all his movements, as he is expected to play in their proper places (usually indicated in the drum part) nearly a score of smaller instruments and imitative effects. These last are commonly termed by musicians the "fakes" or "traps," and include, besides the *glockenspiel*, or steel bells and xylophone (which are really musical instruments), the anvil, the blacksmith's forge, champagne pop-gun, sleigh-bells, whip-snap, bird whistles, cricket, tree-toad, baby cry, Shanghai and Bantam rooster, hen cackle, duck's quack, and other familiar sounds in nature. The orchestra is greatly at the mercy of the drummer, particularly in such places as long passages of syncopation, *rallentando* when *fortissimo*, as he can easily preserve or break the unity of the performers. In larger orchestras the kettle-drums, or tympany, are also used. They are much larger than the snare-drum, and have but one head, the body being of copper, rounded at the bottom, kettle-shape. They are held head up, slightly inclining toward the performer, by a small tripod or rack. They are used in pairs, and have a given pitch, usually tuned to the tonic andominate, or first and fifth in the bass, varied, however, as circumstances demand. The register is about one octave. The tone is regulated by a system of keys distributed around the upper rim, by which the tension is quickly raised or lowered. They are beaten by two short sticks not unlike those used for the xylophone.

In the selection of a small orchestra for a small hall or private house the best combination of five is undoubtedly as follows: first and second violin, contrabass, clarinet, and cornet. The flute or viola next may be added if in a private house, the trombone if in a public hall. The 'cello or the second cornet next may be chosen if a still greater number is desired. People who employ orchestras for social entertainments at private houses in nine cases out of ten badly handicap the musicians by placing them where their instruments are subjected to frequent and extreme variations of temperature. It is common practice to locate the orchestra in the hall, where the outer door is being continually opened for arriving or departing guests, and the acoustic properties of a hall with straight or winding stairway are always defective. A slight draught of cooler air tends to flatten the wind instruments from a quarter to half a tone. Damp air flattens and breaks the strings and renders it almost impossible to keep these instruments in tune. If the best results are desired, place the orchestra out of the reach of draughts, and maintain as far as possible an even temperature of the room. If it is necesary to open doors or windows for ventilation, select those furthest from the orchestra. The suggestions of the leader as to location and temperature should be deferred to if the host is desirous of having the music dispensed under the most favorable conditions.

Leon Mead.

LULLABY.

I was loung'n' amongst m' pillows,
Coax'n' sleep with many a sigh,
'N' some one 'n th' room above me
Was a-singin' a lullyby;
'N' I cud hear th' cradle a-rock'n'—
Creakety, creakety, to 'n' fro,
'N' th' woman a-singin' "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e—go."

Ther' wasn't a mite of a carpit
Awn th' floor o' thet room, yuh bet,
'N' th' reg'lar swing o' th' cradle,
W'y, I kin almos' hear 't yet;
'N' th' sleepy coo o' th' baby
Thet was bein' swung to 'n' fro,
T' th' wonderful music o' "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e—go."

Yuh wouldn't 'a thought thet a feller
Thet's got down 's low 's I
Would 'a felt kinder queer 'cause a woman
Was a-sing'n' a lullyby!
'N' 't first I felt jest like swear'n',
Thet a hotel shud treat me so,
Fur I cudn't hear noth'n' but "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e—go."

But 't seemed ter git soft'r 'n' low'r,
'N' kinder familyer too,
Wi' th' cradle a-goin' slow'r,
Jest like my cradle ust ter do,
Till I cud almos' feel th' motion,
Rock-a-bye—rock-a-bye—to 'n' fro,
'N' my mother a-sing'n, "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e—go."

Fur she sung 't t' "I love Jesus,"
Jest 's my mother ust ter do,
'N' 't set my heart all ter ach'n',
'N' th' tears ter com'n' too;
'N' I jest *wisht* I cud slouch back thar,
'N' my mother cud set thar 'n' sew,
'N' I cud hear her, jest oncet, sing'n' "Hush
—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e—go."

Ella Higginson.

A PRACTICAL EDUCATION FOR THESE DAYS.

AN ADDRESS TO TEACHERS.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Life even in New England seems comparatively easy in the month of June. Nature, which for months has been hostile, with occasional relenting and coquetry, is gracious, inviting, full of promise. It is easy to go with her in her abundance, in her prodigality of beauty. The set is all one way, that is, toward fruition. Nature is busy; the note of the hour is abundant life, overflowing vitality. Nature is very practical; it has a definite purpose; that purpose is maturity. But this exuberance of life, this expectation of fruition, evokes beauty on every hand. It is, one may say, the bridal time. All brides are beautiful, if only for the transient moment, transfigured in the light of love, and in the fulfilment of the aspiration for fulness of life.

In June, then, there is a simple delight in life, a satisfactory enjoyment of beauty, unmixed with the expectation of fruits and harvests, or the solid advantages to come from all this activity of nature. This is a ministration to the spirit; you cannot buy it and sell it, nor lay it up for any market. Increased susceptibility to the enjoyment of it may not contribute to your material advantage, nor increase your power of making money. But of all your possessions it is one, and it is typical of others alike immaterial, which only can raise you out of the most pitiful poverty in this world—a poverty in the higher life.

It would be presumptuous in me, who have no experience, to attempt to speak to a body of teachers about methods of education. But there are some suggestions that may not inappropriately come from a layman in regard to the popular attitude toward the whole subject of education. This attitude may be defined in a word. It is that the education in the district school, in the high-school, in the college, should be practical. And by a practical education is meant, not discipline, but the acquisition of knowledge or of knowledges that can be turned to immediate account in the struggle in the world for money or for place. There is a demand that in the lower schools handicrafts should be taught, and in the college a wide range of elective studies, not selected by experience as the best for evoking and training the mental powers, but chosen with reference to the acquisition of some species of information that will be immediately serviceable in some business occupation or professional pursuit. Everything is brought to the test of its immediate usefulness. What is the use of studying Greek or metaphysics or logic? Why waste a boy's time in school if at the age of sixteen he is in possession of no skill or aptitude or knowledge that will enable him to become at once a producer? It is in response to this demand for a popular education that we have the so-called business and commercial colleges, and other supposed short-cuts to learning, the object in every case being, not mental discipline and the development of individual powers to the highest point of usefulness and enjoyment, but the fitting a person in the shortest space of time to begin to make money.

Let me call your attention to the fact that the idea of discipline is almost entirely dropped out of this scheme of education, and that the standard of a successful life it holds up is wholly a material one. But before enlarging upon this, let us glance a moment at the social condition in relation to the whole field of education. I am not about to praise or to regret the old times. It is true that life is fundamentally revolutionized in all civilized communities by the invention of labor-saving machinery, and by quick methods of travel and communication. These have changed not only all methods of doing business, but our whole social state. As individuals we are not yet adjusted to these sudden transformations, and we are misled into valuing the brilliant means as desirable ends. We forget that the only really valuable thing in life is within us—as the Greeks believed, an equal development of the mental, the moral, and the physical—a personal evolution which enables us to get the most out of the life of each day. If we neglect the discipline that tends to this it makes no difference how much we acquire, life is practically for us a failure.

Now it goes without saying that the most powerful educational influence for good or for bad is home life. Many observers regard the first six years of a child's life as the most permanently formative period. What children learn and see and feel during that period is practically ineffaceable. I doubt if any man, whatever may be his attainments, ever casts off the habits of speech of his childhood; I doubt if any woman, whatever social position she may reach, is not innately in her spirit what she was in her childhood, vulgar or refined. I think it cannot be denied that an alarming feature of modern life is a decay of parental responsibility in the training of children, a disposition to cast it more and more upon the state, and to expect from public aid that which can alone or best come from family life. I want to guard against any wholesale statement. There are homes where there are books which enter into the daily family education and conversation, where there is an intellectual life, and an atmosphere of mental refinement. There are others—I suspect the majority—where the parents read nothing, where the conversation is petty, the discipline fitful. If the children read out of their school hours, they read trash; and they are rarely taught to do anything either in the house or the shop. The school is expected to be a substitute for all that is wanting at home. In short, the state is required to take the children off the hands of the parents as much as possible. The parental argument for long school sessions and double sessions is that thereby the children are kept out of mischief at home. It is the duty of the school to teach not only book-learning, but good manners, to inculcate discipline which shall affect conduct, and to supply religion, and probably some trade or technical knowledge. Let us not be unjust in considering how far the idea of public education, of dependence on the state, has supplanted parental responsibility. The revolution wrought by machinery has destroyed many of the handicrafts that parents used to pass on to their children in natural order; the scheme of universal education includes the children of parents that by reason of poverty, ignorance, or vice can in no way contribute to the training of their offspring. And I suppose that the growth of communistic notions in regard to the sphere of the state has had something to do with this shifting of the burden from individuals to the public schools. Our early theory was perfectly sound, that in a republic there was no safety without intelligence, and that it was the legitimate province of the state to protect itself by giving to every prospective voter the elements of an education. Now that we have gone further than this, and are attempting to educate every child in certain knowledges, we are launched upon what I will only characterize now as a gigantic experiment. Both in its disadvantages, which are becoming apparent, and in the expectations of its millennial quality, it is a tempting theme, but I only refer to it to note its preference for diffusing information rather than attending to the discipline of the pupil, and to suggest its relation to the relaxation of parental responsibility. But it provokes the inquiry, what is a practical education for these times?

What this is in the popular estimation is evident. It embraces a great deal; it includes languages, sciences, even accomplishments. It is the learning of anything which, in our vernacular, will pay. Socrates described it in his day when he said that men are willing to pursue any branch of knowledge for the sake of gain. It is purely and simply the utilitarian spirit, which, having pretty nearly absorbed modern life in action, even infused its motives into social affairs, entering more and more into the calculations of marriage, is now storming the institutions of learning, high and low, and demanding that they shall conform to its notions of the immediately useful. One result of this spirit, visible to everybody—the subject, indeed, of both lamentation and satire—is that we set an inordinate estimate upon the value of money and of luxury, and undervalue the simpler and nobler enjoyments which depend upon the mind. It is no wonder that the so-called working classes, who were never in all history so well fed, housed, and clothed as they are now in this country, taking note of the materialism of the so-called richer classes, and of what they seem to value as the supreme good of life, namely, luxury, easy living, the indulgence of the senses, should be uneasy and want to turn things upside down.

Another result of this spirit, perfectly well marked also, is seen in this education which concerns itself with the profitable, and neglects the finer training and the higher discipline, and that is, the growth of illusions in the public mind. In such a time of generally diffused information it seems strange to us that so many should be the prey of illusions in political economy, in finance, in sociology, with so little logical power of discriminating between the true and the fallacious. But as the acquisition of knowledges will not make a man virtuous, so it will not necessarily give him the balance of faculties that will preserve him from illusion. As a matter of fact, the people whom we call practical, that is, those who rely upon their senses, without any basis in what we call abstract and philosophical systems, are just those most apt to be led away by specious appearances and inconsequent reasoning. With a vivid perception of facts, they are most likely to muddle causes and effects. I have been greatly struck with the effect upon the public mind produced by an able pamphleteer and reformer, who presents us, with admirable candor, a great mass of statistics of modern life and its evils, and then proposes a fantastic remedy impossible in its details. But having gained the public attention by his facts, and the public confidence by his seeming sincerity, that confidence is largely given to his illogical conclusion. The power seems wanting of subjecting his deductions to the ordinary tests of logic.

In respect to the conduct of life, to the power of protection from illusions, from chimerical schemes of reform, a half education—that is to say, what is insisted on as a practical education—is a very inadequate furnishing of a human being. In respect to his getting the most out of life, it is still more inadequate. For consider what it is in life that is of most value to you; I mean on no higher plane than that of enjoyment and of getting the best result you can out of earthy conditions. I will not now place it upon the theorem of Plato, speaking of the pursuit of wealth, that to be happy you must be good, and to be very rich and very good at the same time you cannot be. I will rest it merely upon your own gratification, with an appeal to experience that the highest gratification is in the things of the mind and not in the things of sense. And it seems to me the most practical thing for a man to try to make himself susceptible to the highest enjoyment that life offers. Examples teach daily that this is not in the pursuit or the possession of money, in display, in any material end. This is a truism, a platitude in morals. But I am speaking of it solely with reference to our notions of education. There is in the human soul a want higher than the want of knowledge. It is this want that the so-called practical education is apt to ignore, in its vigilant attempt to exclude everything not useful. There is an immaterial part of us that is the most important part. It is not less real because it escapes definition. It may be compounded of imagination, sensibility, mental soundness, and charity. It is that capacity in you which enables you to get the greatest enjoyment from a noble piece of literature or work of art—from Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, from Titian's "Assumption." Think a moment what the world would be to you without this capacity. What is it that thrills you, like some reminiscence or expectation of a higher life, on a lovely day in June? Not the promise of harvest, not altogether the physical sensation of genial, vital air, or the exquisite lines and color of an ineffable landscape, but some nameless rapture that is a satisfaction, perhaps a revelation to you, of your highest nature. The ability to read the antique, and thereby to come into immediate contact with the Greek mind, is, I believe, among the things reckoned not practical in education. Yet the scholar who can do this is, I suppose, the best judge of what it is worth to him, whether it enlarges his horizon or adds anything appreciable to his life. For my part, I believe that if there were not plenty of men in the world living in the high converse possible in this and the like useless studies, our whole intellectual life would tend downward, just as the pursuit of applied science would grow more and more mercenary and ignoble, and at length come to an end, if the unmercenary investigations of the students of pure science were not continued in absolute disregard of any practical result.

This application of the practical test in education is right in the line of the materializing tendency of this age of machinery and of uniformity. If the schools and the universities give way to it, what hope is there for us?

We may find an illustration of the hardening and lowering tendency of this idea of education in the mechanic arts. Suppose a boy is put to the trade of the cabinet-maker or the carpenter. He is taught to turn out a product in wood with the least labor that will be cheap and saleable. It is purely mechanical work, differing little from that produced by machinery. He is not taught to study beauty of line, of form, of design. The result is ugliness and endless repetition of ugliness. He has a trade, but no art in it. His taste is not educated, his artistic sense is not cultivated, and his products not only lack originality or anything that can satisfy a refined mind, but his work ceases to be interesting to himself. He makes furniture of hopeless vulgarity and uniformity, and he builds houses which have a depressing and ignoble effect upon the community; for tasteless, tawdry furniture and vulgar houses are appreciable agents in vulgarizing society. Our lives are affected most by the iteration of small causes; our pleasure is mainly due to little things daily nearest to us; and it is not fantastic to speak of the elevating influence of artistic and tasteful surroundings in the way of household furniture, nor of the dignifying effect upon the mind of the daily sight of a house of good proportions and fine lines. Now if this young mechanic, in addition to the mechanism of his trade, is taught the laws of beauty in design, and is by culture endowed with a love for the artistic, it will be as easy for him to give us graceful forms as to reproduce the ugly and the commonplace, and there will be imparted to his own life increasing enjoyment in his work. He is able to develop his own individuality, and he is in the way of doing what seems to me a very practical thing for himself and for the people who are to buy and be influenced by his work. And the importance of this sort of education is increased and not diminished when the tendency of the age is to *swamp* the individual, when nearly everything is made by machinery. Even engravings are done by it, and half the character of the fine arts is taken away by mechanical processes.

This example of the value in life of an artistic education in the mechanic arts is only a faint illustration of the value in life to every one of us of that kind of education which concerns itself unselfishly with the higher parts of our nature without reference to any material purpose.

If I were an educator I should insist that the first object of an education was discipline. If discipline is not had in the home and in the schools it will never be attained, except through a life of the roughest experience and sorrow. In the natural order mental discipline precedes learning; and I believe that the popular idea that education is the forced cramming of pupils with knowledge is at the bottom of much of our superficiality, and that it falls in with our whole materializing tendency. I should also insist that those studies are of most importance which liberalize the mind, broaden it, quicken the imagination, strengthen the reasoning powers, and give a wide intellectual range of enjoyment. No danger but the specializing tendency of modern life will sufficiently narrow and concentrate the scholar upon a special purpose. And whatever the pursuit in life, the man is not half a man, the woman is not half a woman, if their horizon is bounded by the attainments and the objects that have got the name of practical.

I have referred to the observation that our general education makes boys and girls disinclined to labor, to enter upon any trade or handicraft, unfits them, in short, for the work of the world; and it may occur to you to ask, why the education which is intellectual rather than material should not make anything like manual labor still more distasteful to boys and girls. It is a fair question.

I should answer it in this way. An education which is superficial—that is, an education which consists mainly in a smattering of knowledges without severe mental training; an education which puts foremost the importance of getting on in the world by making a fortune and making it quickly, and makes that appear the practical object to be aimed at—creates a false view of what is best in life. It materializes the view. It makes the young impatient of the slow processes of industry. It tends to create the impression that labor is not only ignoble, but that it is not the way to attain what the world most values. A sound education—that is, an education that makes one put more value upon his mind and its development than upon mere condition in life and class distinctions, and that holds up intellectual pleasures, love of beauty and virtue and good conduct, as the things chiefly to be sought—puts life in a proper perspective. It gives realities instead of illusions, for it makes the enjoyment of life depend upon one's self, and not upon shunning what is called labor. I knew a young man, graduated with honor at one of our first colleges, who entered a shop, and in a long apprenticeship learned the trade of a machinist. He carried with him intellectual acquirements that ennobled every day of his life. I knew another who entered a shop as an apprentice to the trade of a machinist without even a high-school training, but out of shop hours he read and studied, and was training himself to enjoy life with his labor in his trade upon a perfectly rational basis. Both these young men were contented, and contented, I believe, because they had resources within themselves.

I cannot believe that every human being, whatever his lot or occupation, is not better for his own sake and of more value to society for being educated. And it seems to me that there is something wrong in a system that makes the young discontented with the work that somebody must do in the world, puts into the heads of girls the notion that it is more respectable to dawdle about with some idle accomplishments than to be industrious housewives, and turns boys into idlers or into seekers after some occupation that can be carried on with gloves. I do not know what it is that is wrong altogether—human nature is a slippery element to deal with—but I do believe that the more our education seeks material ends the more we shall go astray in this direction.

And I plead for the intellectual life as against the material; for literature that does not concern itself principally with knowledge as against the encroachments of knowledge devoted only to gain; for the education that will lift the youth above envy of material fortune, giving them resources that bring contentment and satisfaction of the spirit, and enable them to endure cheerfully the inevitable inequalities of condition.

THE FAITHFUL CLOCK.

Although my hands are on my face,
And all the time I go on tick;
Trust me, mine is a worthy case.
The slow may think I am too quick,
But fast and slow at once may see
At any time good works in me.

Good hours from day to day I keep;
No one down early, none up late,
Has ever caught me fast asleep.
If I run down, I lose my weight;
If I should take a single drop
'Twould break me, and my works would stop.

A man wound up is in a fix,
But wind me up and I can go.
Though hard the times, I play no tricks,
And yet it is on tick I do
The constant work of my two hands—
A task the workman understands.

I sometimes strike, but only hit
The laggards who are out too late;
And some of them have little wit,
And skulls so thick that if my weight
Upon their stupid heads should drop,
They would not know what made them stop.

George W. Bungay.

BULL-FIGHTING IN MEXICO.

(*Continued from page 441.*)

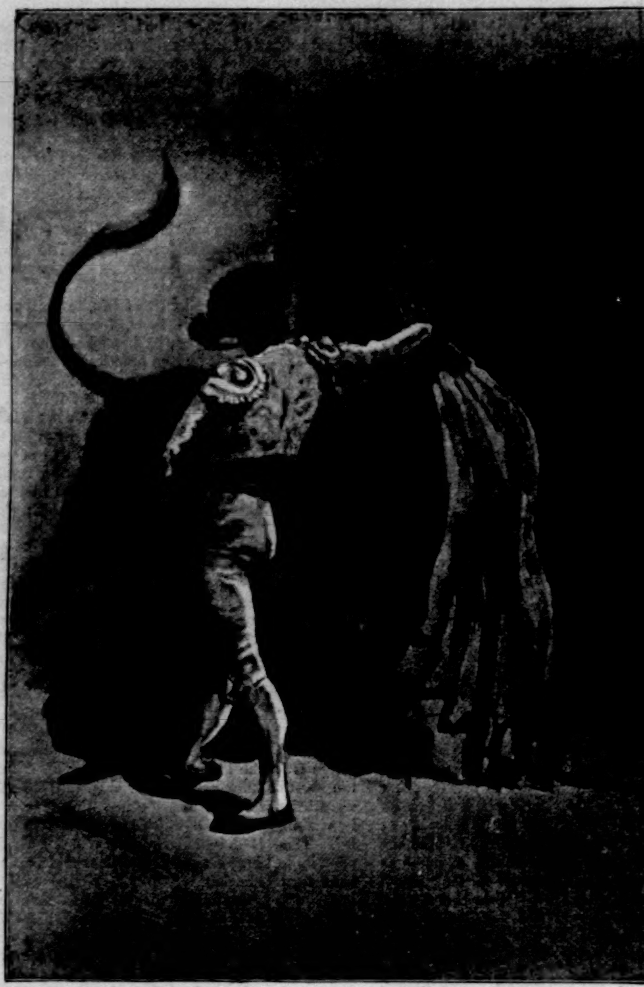
lavish upon it, is shown by the fact that the whole cost, more than $20,000, of the new bull-ring at San Cosme was returned, with something to spare, from the proceeds of the first fight.

I happened at this time to come across a curious proof of the strong hold that bull-fighting takes upon the imagination of the youthful Mexican, and the case struck me as one in which there was a moral; though what I really liked best about it was its whimsicality. A certain priest with whom I maintained friendly relations had for a disciple in the ways and wisdom of holiness a gentle-faced, gentle-mannered lad, whose easy-going studies were supposed to be fitting him to enter upon the religious life. There are more than enough priests already in Mexico, and I was disposed to think that this lad might have discovered a better outlet than the priesthood for his not excessive energies; yet was I rather shocked to hear, a fortnight or so after the new bull-ring went into operation, that he had abandoned his purpose of entering the church, and had announced his intention of becoming a bull-fighter! I never heard the end of this boy's story. I left the city a little later; and when I returned again, my old friend the priest was dead, and the boy had vanished. I often wonder whether or not the queer twist that he wanted to put in his destiny ever came to anything. He was a sweet-natured boy. Sometimes I think of him as engaged in the cure of souls; sometimes I think of him as engaged in the killing of bulls.

III.

In a well-appointed bull-fight upwards of twenty men take part, four to six bulls are killed, and as many horses are killed as the chances of the day may decide.

The conduct of the performance rests with a president (*presidente*), who occupies the central box on the shaded side of the ring, and whose routine orders are conveyed to the bull-fighters (*toreros*) by a bugler who stands beside him. The decisions of this functionary are final—in such points, for instance, as whether or not a coward bull (*toro blando*) shall be killed out of hand, or shall be still further teased and tortured to arouse his fighting spirit; and as the president is only a man, and therefore fallible, he not infrequently hears himself cursed as heartily by the strong-tongued multitude on the sunny side of the ring as though he were an American base-ball umpire. In the box with this dignitary usually sit the local officials and guests of honor.



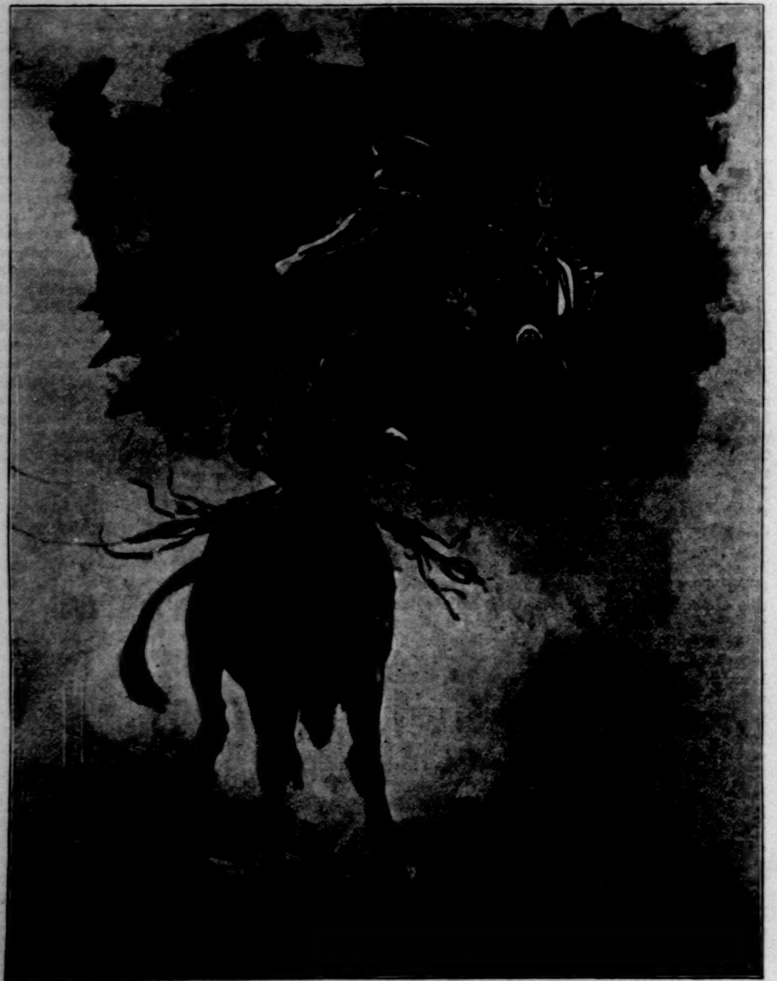
EL CAPEADOR—THE BANDERILLERO'S PLAY

Chief of the *toreros* proper is the *matador* (killer) or *espada* (sword), who bears the courtesy title of *El Capitan*. He is clad, as are also the *capeadores* or *chulos*, in the gay-colored dress that most of us associate with "Figaro," and wears tied upon his head a round cap of rough cloth, beneath which hangs down his little *treza*, or pigtail. It is his proud duty to appear in the ring when the minor performers have played their parts, and to give the bull his death-blow. A skilful *matador* is a popular hero above all other heroes. Just now this prominent place is occupied in Mexico by Ponciano Diaz, but he is pressed closely by the brilliant Juan Moreno, who, because of his fair face and brown hair, is known also as El Americano. Moreno comes of a famous fighting stock, for the Nestor of Mexican *toreros*, until the thrust of a bull's horn three years ago put an end to his fighting, was his uncle, the illustrious Bernardo Gaviño. In assaulting the bull the *matador* carries in his right hand a strong straight sword, and in his left hand the lure (*engaño*), or, as it is called in the inscrutable slang of the ring, the *muleta* (little she-mule), a red flag something less than a yard square that he uses to draw the bull within reach of his stroke. The proper way for a *matador* to kill a bull is to receive him as he charges on the point of his sword, which should enter between the left shoulder and shoulder-blade, and should penetrate the heart. This is the *suerte de frente*, or *veronica*. The *volapie* (to advance and meet the bull's charge) also is good art; and as this attack is full of danger to the *matador*, it never fails, when successfully accomplished, to win great applause. When the thrust is a true one (*buen estoque*) the bull instantly falls dead. As the bull occasionally also thrusts truly and kills his would-be killer, a spare *matador* always is at hand to continue the sport should *El Capitan* be wounded or slain. This *torero* in reserve is styled the *media espada* (half-sword), or *sobresaliente* (a military term diverted to both the bull-ring and the theatre, meaning an officer commanding a small force held in reserve for any emergency). Naturally the ruling hope of the half-sword's life is that the captain may be gored to death, so that he, the half-sword, may become a full *espada*.

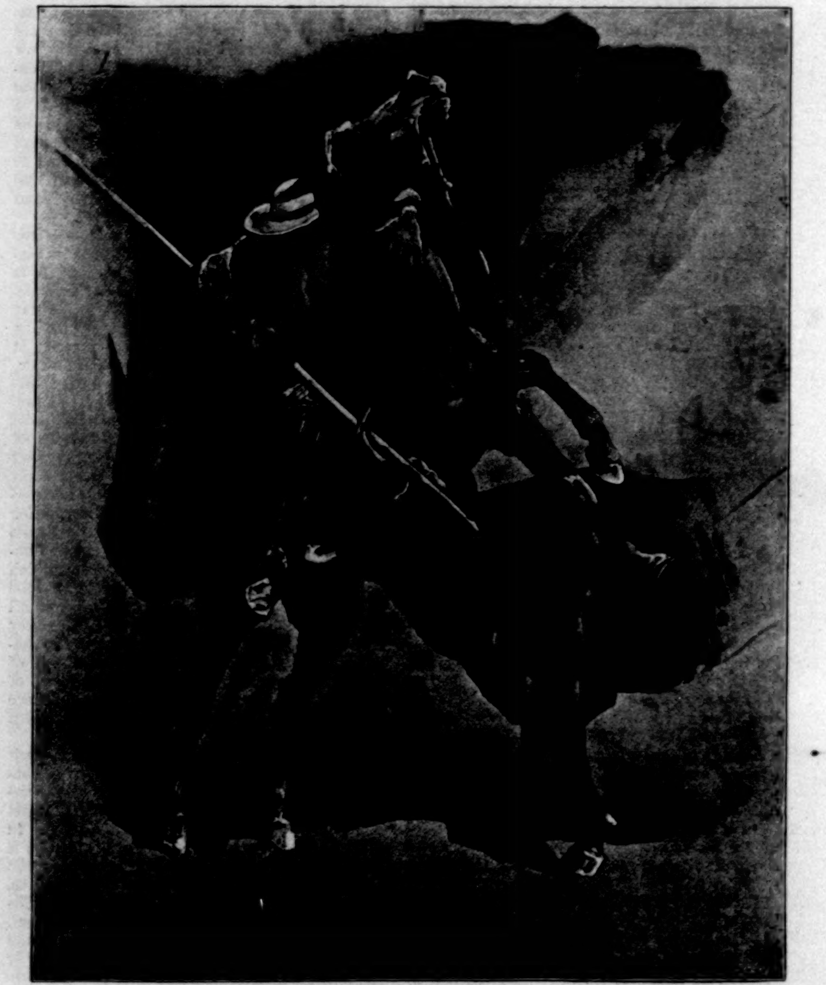
The important horsemen of the ring are the *picadores*, so called because of the pikes (*picas*) which they carry. They are gallant-looking fellows, clad in short jackets, tight-fitting trousers, and wearing wide felt hats, all glittering with gold and silver embroidery. Their right legs are protected against the horns of the bull by heavy greaves (*espinilleras*) of leather strengthened with steel bars. It is the duty of the *picadores* to fight the bull, but not to kill him. The blade of the *pica* is sheathed with a leather guard, beyond which only an inch or so of the steel protrudes; though in the case of a bad bull the guard can be pushed back, and the weapon can be made more effective. It is good play to stick this limited amount of steel into the bull as often as possible, and to do it in a fashion that shall put the man and the horse, especially the horse, in the greatest possible danger. In Spain the rule is to place the horse in such a position that the bull may gore him, and the death of the horse in this manner is considered a pleasing and necessary part of the spectacle. The horses which figure in Spanish fights, where every bull is helped to kill at least two of them, therefore are the worst that can be procured. In Mexico opinions upon this point of the game are divided. Usually poor horses are provided for the express purpose of being killed, but a tendency has manifested itself of late years to use good horses and to protect them from the bulls' assaults—a plan that gives much finer and more spirited exhibitions of horsemanship, but possesses the disadvantage of being less bloody in its results.

Another innovation upon Spanish customs is the introduction among the bull-fighters of *lazadores*—horsemen in the picturesque *ranchero* dress of embroidered leather jackets and trousers, who do some very neat work in lassoing bulls which are too cowardly to fight, and which in this fashion are removed ignominiously from the arena. The horsemanship of the *lazadores* is magnificent, and they have the knack of throwing the lasso with such skill that they can make fast to a galloping bull anywhere—to one or both of his horns, to one leg, or to the two front legs or the two hind legs together. However, the *lazadores* labor under great disadvantages, for the work that they do is not at all bloody, and really is not, under the circumstances, even cruel.

The footmen of the ring are the *capeadores*, of whom, in a liberally organized fight, there usually are six or eight. Their dress is of the same brilliant style as that of the *matador*, though not always quite so fine, and they carry bright-colored silk mantles (*capas*, whence their name), which they wave in front of the bull to arouse his anger while playing their tricks upon him. The older name still in use for this division of the bull-fighting fraternity is *chulo* (and its diminutive *chulillo*), a word that is derived directly from the Arabic, and that signifies a jester or merry-andrew; and one needs only to see the venturesome tricks which the *chulos* play upon the bull to understand how they came by their name.



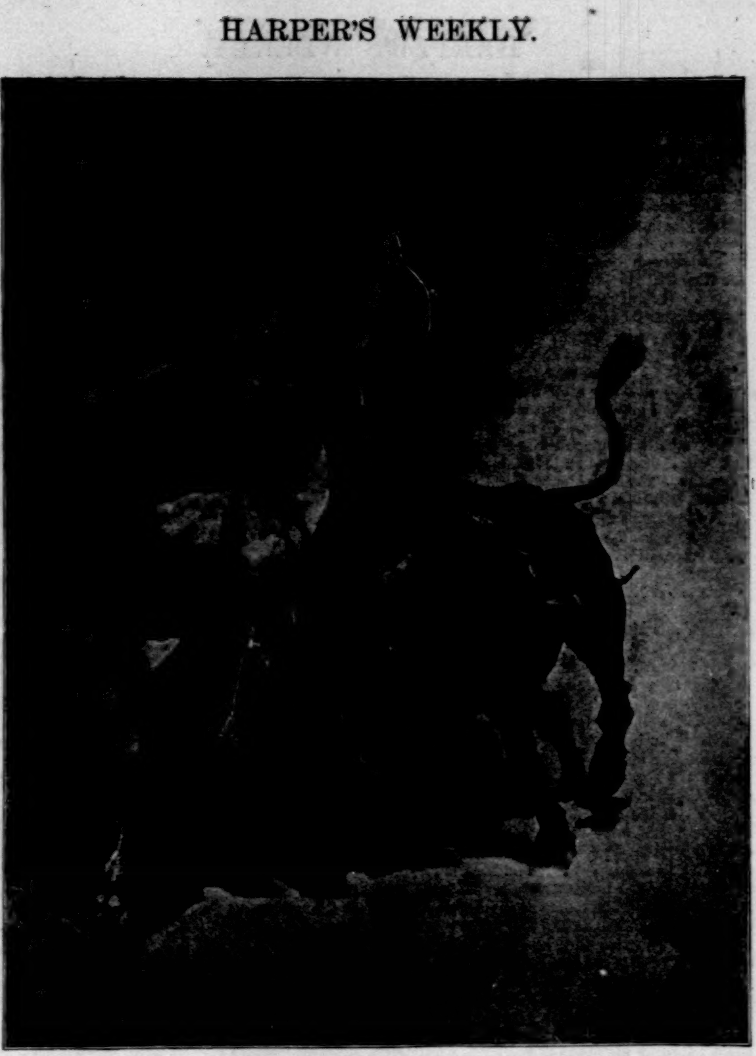
A CHULILLO IN TROUBLE



EL PICADOR

One of these tricks, always received with wild enthusiasm, is for the *chulo* to stand rigid until the head of the charging bull almost touches his knees, and then to place one foot on the bull's head between his horns, and—half springing, half tossed—shoot lightly up into the air, and come down again on the ground upon his feet in safety. Now and then this clever gymnastic performance does not work out properly, in which case the *chulo* does indeed ascend into the air, but in a sidewise fashion, and with a hole in him where the bull's horn entered. But it is all one, for in this case the score is made by the bull, and the applause is just as hearty and as loud. Another neat figure is when the *chulo* sits in a chair until the bull almost has his horns in his stomach, and then slips out of the tight place and aside lightly, while the rush of the bull carries the chair away in a whirl across the arena. Indeed there is no end to the plucky performances of these "little devil merrymen" (*chulillos diablitos*), as the crowd affectionately calls them.

One especially daring act that the *capeadores* perform is that of fixing barbed darts (*banderillas*), in the bull's neck. Not all of the *capeadores* essay this hazardous piece of work, and those who do it are styled *banderilleros*. The *banderilla* is a tolerably heavy wooden stick, about two feet long, in the end of which is a short steel barb, the whole ornamented with gilded and colored paper and bright ribbons. When this pretty toy is thrust into the bull the barb holds in the flesh, while the swaying of the long handle causes a keen agony that arouses in a very desirable manner the bull's rage. By way of intensifying the pain and increasing the terror bred by this gentle act, the dart sometimes (being then called a *banderilla de fuego*) is freighted with fireworks, which blaze and crack, and which also singe the bull's hair and burn to blisters his flesh, very merrily. To place the darts properly requires both nerve and skill. The *banderillero* leans forward as the bull charges and deftly plants a barb with each hand, and then nimbly jumps aside. When he does this well he is cheered. When he misses his mark, and the bull gores him and sends him spinning into the air, the bull is cheered. The rules of art prescribe that the two darts shall enter at precisely the same spot on each side of the neck close above the shoulder-blades, and when a good couple (*buen pares*) of this sort is made the applause is tremendous.



THE PICADOR RECEIVING A CHARGE OF THE BULL.

In Mexico the various spirited pranks of the *chulos* are supplemented by the capers and dumb-show of regular clowns (*payasos*), made up in proper style with clown dress and chalked faces. These, after the way of clowns in general, are not daring, but coarsely funny; and their fine affection of a bravery that they make plain is but the thin veil over arrant cowardice is admirably adapted to the intellectual capacity of the spectators. Their best work, which never fails to bring a storm of cheers, is their valorous assault upon the dead bull, and their pretence in dumb-show that it was they who killed him. And much mirth also is created by the many indignities—not always of the most decent sort—which they heap upon the dead body.

At the beginning of a fight all of these functionaries make a formal entrance in procession, and, after saluting the *presidente*, parade about the ring while the crowd cheers. This is styled the *cuadrilla*. At the fag-end of the troop comes the team (*tiro*) of three mules, gayly caparisoned, dragging the sledge (*rastrillo*) on which the bodies of the slain bulls are borne away. Sometimes the *tiro* simply is hitched to the dead bull's horns by a lariat. When the exit is made in good style the mules are driven at a gallop.

IV.

Of a Sunday afternoon the streets leading westward from the central portion of the City of Mexico are thronged with people steadily moving toward the great bull-rings in the suburbs of the Colonia and San Cosme. The narrow footways are crowded; cheap carriages go dashing along with more passengers inside of them than can be packed into carriages in any other part of the world; and the tram cars, especially the second-class ones, are so loaded down as almost to countervail the pulling powers of the wiry little mules which drag them.

A great many of the foot-passengers do not expect to enter the bull-ring at all—for they do not possess the *peseta* that must be paid even for a seat in the sun. The pleasure anticipated by these poverty-stricken pleasure-seekers is the somewhat meagre one of being near the show that more fortunate people will see; of hearing the music of the band, and, still better, the shouts of the spectators when some especially fine stroke of work is done; of watching the fun going on at the merry-go-round; of taking a vicarious delight in seeing the rich (capitalists possessed of as much as three or six cents) spend their riches for cool drinks or ices sold at the gayly decked *puestos;* and, perhaps, of seeing the dead bulls dragged off, and even the bull-fighters themselves coming away when the show is at an end. And then there always is the cheering possibility that one of the bull-fighters may be gored; and in that case, as he is carried away to a hospital, these impecunious votaries of the great sport may get a glimpse of him in an interestingly mangled condition.

Outside the bull-ring as the crowd thickens the scene is a very animated one. Quantities of little booths (*puestos*) have been set up, at which ices and cool drinks are sold; venders of sweets, of fruit, and of pastry—their stock carried on their heads in great trays—push their way through the press, or establish themselves in shady places, and seek custom by shouting their wares; side shows of various sorts are in operation; and, overtopping the hum and clatter of laughter and talk, the anguished notes of a mechanical piano wail dismally. The crowd is a singularly picturesque one. Excepting the highest, it represents every class of Mexican society. The middle-class contingent, especially the women part of it, is less interesting now than it was on like occasions in former times, for, following the deplorable example set by the aristocracy, it has abandoned the beautiful dress of Mexico, and has adopted the conventional, stupid dress of France. In a black lace *mantilla* a Mexican woman always is charming; but she is not always charming when arrayed in violent colors and an aggressive hat—a painful fact emphasized by observing how pretty the Mexican women all seem to be as they go to mass dressed in black of a Sunday morning, and how ugly a very great many of them certainly are when going a-pleasuring in too bright colors of a Sunday afternoon. Quite as deplorable, on patriotic as well as on artistic grounds, has been the very general abandonment by the men of the brilliant Mexican costume. A few of them, however, still have the grace to clothe themselves in the gallant style of the past—short jacket, close-fitting trousers, bright-colored shirt, red sash, wide-brimmed hat, the whole costume glittering with trimmings of silver and gold; and a sufficient number of these bravely clad young fellows (who have the nickname of *charro* because of their finery) are sprinkled through the crowd, on horseback or on foot, to produce a somewhat stirring effect of brilliancy.

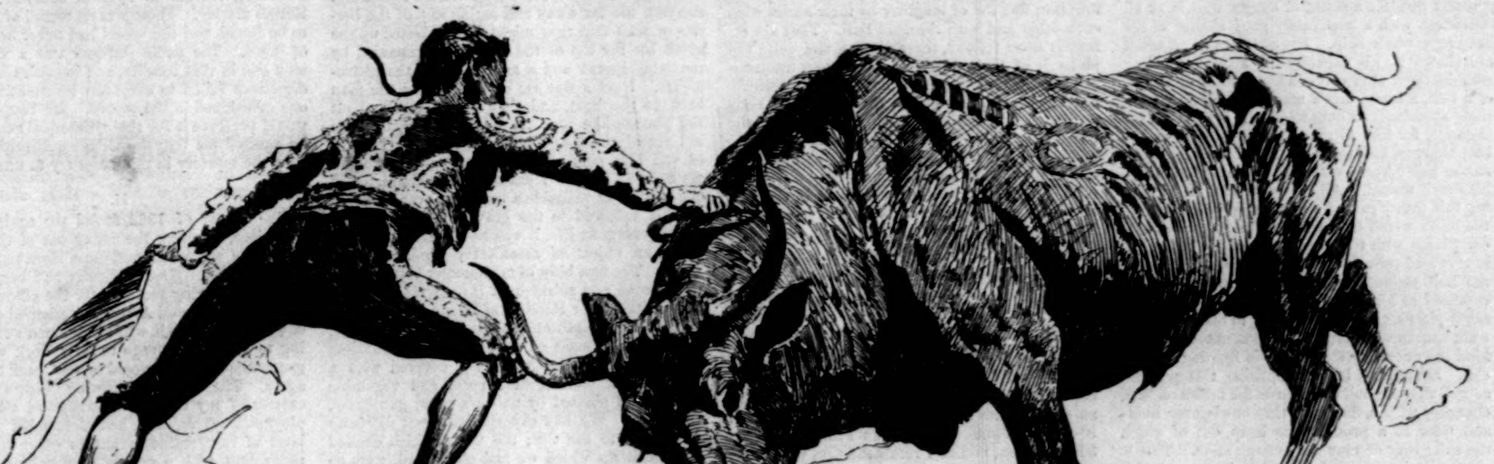
The common people are of a sort to fill a painter's soul with joy. The women are clad in softly woven cotton petticoat, chemise, and *rebozo*—this last worn over the head and shawlwise about the body—which unstarched garments fall in delightful folds; and as the petticoat usually is a faded red, and the *rebozo* a faded blue, the effect of delicate color is wonderfully agreeable. The lowest class of the men also are clad in cotton—white shirt and white trousers; and those a little higher in the social scale wear cloth garments—short jacket, trousers with silver buttons down the sides of the legs, or perhaps the cast-off clothes of their betters cut in the French style; and all wear wide-brimmed hats of felt or straw, and nearly all carry a blanket that is woven of yarns dyed of soft strong hues. Singly and collectively these common people possess great natural grace, and have a truly marvellous faculty for what an artist would call composing themselves.

V.

Around the entrances to the bull-ring the press is greatest—of well-dressed people on their way to seats in the shade; of very ill dressed, and a good deal undressed, people on their way to seats in the sun. Even among these latter there is little of the rough ugliness of a Saxon crowd. The seats in the sun are not reserved, and the best of them are to be had by those who can scramble to them first when the gates are opened; but an amount of politeness is shown by these scramblers to each other that would fill the members of a like crowd in New York—a crowd fighting for seats at a Madison Square Garden walking match, for instance—with a contemptuous wonder. Women carrying babies wrapped in their *rebozos*, and with scraps of children tagging at their skirts, manage to work their way safely through the crush, and, with a fine showing of white teeth in smiles of triumph over their success, take their seats proudly among the lucky ones on the front benches. In a twinkling, after the gates are opened, the first, second, and third rows of the seats in the sun are filled; the rows further back and higher fill less rapidly, yet steadily, until—if Ponciano or some other favorite is to take part in the performance—every seat usually is taken, and even the aisles are packed, long before the show begins. The reserved seats in the shade, occupied by the quality, fill up less quickly; but they also fill up steadily, and are filled entirely when the bugle gives the signal for the bull-fighters to enter the ring.

It is well for the stranger who is seeing a bull-fight for the first time to defer his entrance until the last five minutes before the bugle sounds. The great multitude then is assembled, and the first sight of it is an experience to be remembered. Coming up through the dusky passage that leads from the ground level to the level of the first row of benches, and so suddenly facing the blaze of sunlight that beats down upon the arena and upon the ranges of seats opposite crowded with thousands of human beings, the effect is dramatic and brilliant: and in an instant carries the thoughts of the onlooker back two thousand years to a holiday in Rome. White shirts and pale blue *rebozos*, when their wearers are massed together at a sufficient distance to do away with detail, are like enough to the dress of the common people of Rome to make the illusion a very telling one; and it is only when the gazer on this to him new sight turns with a long breath and looks at the people immediately around him—the men in frock-coats, and the women wearing bonnets which obviously have originated more or less directly in modern France—that the prosaic atmosphere of the nineteenth century rises up to envelop this spectacle that at first sight seems to be so wholly a part of the remote barbaric past.

At the sound of the bugle the bull-fighters enter, make their bow to the *presidente*, parade around the ring, bowing to the cheers of the



THE MATADOR DEALING THE DEATH STROKE

crowd, and then, while the band plays merrily, dispose themselves for business. The bugle sounds again, and a momentary hush settles upon the crowd as the *capitan* opens the heavy plank door of the *toril*, and then a great shout goes up as the bull enters. Sometimes at the moment of his entrance a brace of *banderillas* are darted into him by a *chulillo*, who is stationed above the door for this purpose; so that in an instant the bull is in a fine rage, and dashes gallantly at one and another of the *capeadores* as they shake their mantles in his face. With a dare-devil coolness that in itself is admirable these gentry spin about the ring, always, seemingly, about to be impaled, and nearly always escaping. When close pressed they dodge behind the *burladeras;* but to do this is not considered very good form, and they generally manage to find protection in the springing power that is in their own legs. Sometimes the *chulo* miscalculates his time for jumping by a second or so, and then he goes sailing up into the air in a gored condition, and comes down with a crash on the ground that breaks some of his bones, or possibly his neck. This is a point for the bull, and the bull is cheered rapturously. But the bull does not often make a point of this sort; the odds of cool bravery and skill are too much for his simple equipment of mere bravery and rage. It is instructive, however, to note how entirely impartial is the crowd's applause of whichever of the combatants happens to be on top. So that somebody is killed, the crowd does not seem to care at all who it is; and the successful bull who kills a man is sure of an ovation that would quite turn his honest bovine head could he understand the meaning of it, or live long enough to enjoy it—for the trouble with the bull is that no matter how complete his victory may be over one assailant, there always is another at hand who certainly will let the life out of him.

When the *chulillos* have given a good display of their skill and daring, and the bull and bull-fighters and spectators all are warming to the work, the *banderilla* act is performed. The *banderillas* hang in a row beneath the box of the *presidente*, and with a certain amount of ceremony the *banderillero* who is to play this risky part receives two of them. He and the bull circle about each other a little, fencing fashion, and the crowd is very quiet, for this is a point in the game when the happy sight of a man gored to death is imminent. It is all done so quickly that there is difficulty in seeing how it is done at all. There is a rush on the part of the bull, and he seems to have the man fairly impaled on his horns; but that he has not is shown in an instant as he lunges heavily forward over where the man stood, bellowing with agony, blood running in streams down his fore legs, and the *banderillas*, their brightness a little dimmed by the blood that has spurted upon them, swaying by their barbs in exactly the places in his quivering flesh where the rules of art declare that they should go. It is a *buen pares*, and the whole fabric of the bull-ring shakes with the thunders of applause. The keen pain which these barbed darts inflict, as the jumping and galloping of the bull twists them about in his flesh, enrages him finely; and when they are *banderillas de fuego*, what with terror of the noise of the exploding crackers and the burning of his flesh with gunpowder, he develops a really quite interesting frenzy.

At this stage of proceedings, when the footmen have so far aroused the bull's wrath as to make him a tolerably dangerous animal to trifle with, the horsemen—the *picadores*—take part in the game. As the object of the *chulillos* is to arouse the bull's anger, and at the same time to demonstrate their ability to keep clear of his horns, so the object of the *picadores* is to increase still further his anger, and at the same time to show that they are his superiors in agility. Generally speaking, also, it is a part of their game to expose their horses in such a way to the bull's attack that he may be able to disembowel a horse or two, and so afford the crowd additional harmless amusement. To make his part of the show really interesting, the *picador* must expose himself to the greatest possible amount of danger that is at all consistent with a moderately good chance of his keeping a whole skin. His qualities as an artist are shown by his capacity for making thrilling combinations, obviously of a highly hazardous sort, of a bull, a horse, and a man, yet emerging from these combinations unharmed. It is good art, for instance, for him to make his horse rear as the bull charges, and to leap safely from the saddle as the bull's horns enter the horse and give him his death wound. All the while that he is playing this pretty game he is engaged in stirring up the bull's wrath by prodding him in various tender places with the short point of his lance. It is very bad form indeed for the *picador* to injure the bull seriously with a lance thrust; what is expected of him is to wound the bull slightly in many places, and so, by arousing in his brute mind a not unnatural feeling of resentment toward mankind in general, to stimulate his fighting tendencies. Sometimes he accomplishes this purpose so well that the bull quite turns the tables on him, charging with a fine rush that bowls over horse and rider in a promiscuous heap, out of which the rider may or may not emerge alive. This is another point for the bull, and he is cheered with much enthusiasm. However, he does not often succeed in making it; and when he does accomplish it, there usually is a rush of *capeadores* toward him and a great waving of *capas* around him, which so distracts his attention that the fallen *picador* succeeds in getting himself out of his scrape, or in being carried out of it if his bones are much broken. Very rarely indeed does the crowd enjoy the felicity of seeing a bull which thus has overthrown a *picador* succeed also in comfortably goring him to death. The horses, who exhibit a curious distaste to impalement, usually are blinded with a leather band that covers their eyes. In the better form of the sport, when the horse is not to be killed, this blinder is not used. When the game is conducted on the horse-killing principle, the regular order of things is to permit two horses to be killed by each bull.

No doubt if a bull could be found with a constitution strong enough to enable him to stand further torturing without exhausting him completely, further methods of torture would be devised by the amiable beings who have invented and who carry on this pleasing sport But by the time that the bull's temper has been aroused in these several genial ways to a state of absolute madness, he begins to show signs of exhaustion, which make necessary the prompt completion of the play if the last act is to have any spirit in it. There is very little real pleasure in seeing a bull killed after he has been so thoroughly worn out with pain and rage that there is no fight left in him. To be truly amusing the killing must take place while the bull is at the height of his rage, yet still retaining his full vigor. Then the *matador* has substantial work cut out for him, for a bull who is both strong and raging is about as safe a thing to deal with at close quarters as so much dynamite. It is therefore one of the nice points in the art of bull-fighting to get the bull as angry as a bull possibly can be made without so weakening him that his killing will prove tame.

When this highest moment of the fight comes there is a sudden quieting of the shouts of the crowd, while a sort of stir and flutter runs through it; and then Ponciano—the great Ponciano—with the easy confidence of one who has been proved in a thousand successful combats, and who is as sure of his skill as he is of his hold upon the hearts of his countrymen, steps lightly toward the bull, and makes ready to let the life out of him. In his right hand—veiled by the *muleta*, that at the critical moment he will snatch away with his left—Ponciano holds firmly his straight sword. The bull wags his head at the *muleta* as Ponciano waves it, and then lowers his head and gathers himself together for a charge. It is a charge like a thunderbolt; but Ponciano stands like a rock until the bull and he seem to be all in a whirl together, and then leaps lightly aside to the left. At this instant he manages—you cannot see how; it is all done in a flash—to plant himself so firmly, and to thrust forward so surely and so strongly that his forward thrust and the on-rush of the bull unite to bury nearly the whole length of his sword in the bull's body with a cut directly through his heart.

Of course not even Ponciano can make this noble stroke every time; but he can make it easily as often as eight times out of every ten, and it is his ability to strike with this wonderful degree of certainty that gives him the heroic rating among bull-fighters that he enjoys.

And what a roar goes up from the multitude as Ponciano recovers himself from the mighty blow that he has delivered, draws forth his sword from the bull's dead body, wipes the blood from it carefully, and with the dignified coolness of a great general accepting civic honors, bows back his thanks to the howling crowd! Cigars, fruit, flowers, and not a little money are thrown down to him by the delighted spectators. In the good old times broad gold pieces and purses well filled with silver would have been bestowed upon him liberally. A more curious mark of approval, common to Spain and Mexico, is that on the part of the men of throwing their hats down into the ring. As these hats are so richly embroidered with gold and silver as to be worth anywhere from twenty-five to two hundred dollars, a certain recklessness seems to be shown in making this complimentary use of them; but the recklessness is more apparent than real, for the etiquette of the occasion requires that the *matador* shall return each hat to its proper owner, the ceremony being accompanied upon each side by a handsome bow.

While the amenities of the situation are being thus attended to, the band is playing whatever may be the Mexican equivalent of "Hail to the Chief!" and the clowns are setting the spectators into fine fits of laughter by their antics with each other and with the dead bull. They are infinitely droll fellows, these clowns, and quite the pinnacle of their mirth-provoking performances is reached when, the *tiro* drawing the *rastrillo* having entered, they mount the dead bull's body on the sledge, and are drawn with it out of the ring by the three lively little mules at a rattling gallop. Then some fresh earth is thrown over the pool of blood, so that it may not be a source of slippery danger to the combatants in the next round, and all is ready to begin the sport anew. Thus happily, in gentle, kindly game, the peaceful Sunday afternoon wears on.

THE LETTER THAT NEVER CAME.

I.

In July, 1879, I was ordered to duty on board the United States ship *Alert*, bound for the China station, with orders to visit the South Pacific islands *en route*. We left San Francisco on the 3d of August, and as I recall the first part of the voyage out, we had strong favorable winds that carried us to the line, a distance of over two thousand miles, in sixteen days, a very fair average for a small steam corvette under sail alone. We slipped through the Doldrum regions at the rate of 100 miles a day, and took up the southeast trades without being conscious of having lost the northeast. The morning watch would trim the sails, steady taut the braces, and "sweat home" the sheets, an hour would be devoted to routine drills, and then the balance of the day would be given up to delicious idling, the officers with pipes and books, and the men with clothing and ditty boxes. A cooling breeze swept through the flattened wind-sails; the royals and all-port stern-sails gave her a comfortable list, and day after day rolled over and under us until the page of the nautical almanac showed that one whole month had been crossed off. Then came a few days of tiresome calm. We were in latitude 24° S., longitude 128° W. If you will take the trouble to look on a map of the South Pacific Ocean at about that latitude and longitude, you will find a tiny speck, not larger than that made by a needle point, indicating an island. There are hundreds of such specks in the Pacific Ocean, many of them without names, and all of more or less uncertain location. This one, however, bears the name of Elizabeth or Henderson Island. I have never been able to learn anything about it—when it was discovered or who gave it its name. Some of the early English adventurers, possibly one of the ships of the Wilkes expedition or some whaler, may have run across it, taken a rough set of sights, pricked it on their charts, named it after their sweethearts or themselves, and then squared away for new bits of worlds. Maritime history is wonderfully silent on many such points. All I know is that early on the morning of September 8th the mast-head lookout reported "Land ho!" and the next day we drifted sufficiently near it to warrant the captain sending an officer in a boat with sextant, chronometer, and artificial horizon, to get a careful set of sights and to give it a hurried exploration.

Many an addition to accurate geography has been made in just such a way, and I felt quite flattered when the detail fell to me to go on shore. Aside from the stretch to one's limbs which the solid earth promised, there was the feeling that this strange bit of land had perhaps never been trodden by the foot of man before. Perhaps it was Mountain Peak of the lost Atlantis, a silent witness to some terrific convulsion that sunk it beneath the wave. Who could tell? Here it lay, however, indefinitely charted, and liable to bring some unsuspecting mariner to grief unless properly located. Here was a chance to earn the fame of having made known an unknown corner of the world, and I was pleased as well as flattered. We left the ship in a whale-boat, six strong oarsmen, a coxswain, midshipman to mark time for the observations, and myself. An easy swell lifted us gently to its crest, and then lowered us with a mild taste of tobogganing to its hollow, while the sparkling wake behind us showed a line of bubbles far down through the shimmering blue. The land was fully five miles off, but the men bent to a long, steady stroke, and in an hour's time we were near enough to see an unbroken line of white breakers rolling and tumbling over the narrow strip of beach. The sides of the island seemed nearly perpendicular, while the lead failed to give bottom at thirty fathoms, close as we were. I turned to the southward in hopes of finding an opening in the breakers there that would permit me to land, but the same threatening wall of blue with its crest of hissing white roared a defiance at me. I began to despair of ever effecting a landing, when on turning to the northward on the west side I found the clasp of this white necklace, a patch of blue that told of a break in the reef and a passage through to the tiny inlet beyond it. Such breaks in the coral reefs that encircle these lonely islands are very common, and their explanation simple. The rainfalls find their way to the sea through some depression. Where the fresh water strikes the salt coral life is destroyed. Directly in line with this break was a gulch, the only one observed during my circuit. All the rain-water from the top flowed to the sea through this gulch, hence the little bay and the cut in the coral circle. Advancing cautiously, I found that at about two hundred yards from the beach there were ten fathoms of water. This continued until about fifty yards from the beach, when the depth abruptly shallowed to three fathoms. It was only by the exercise of extreme caution that our boat was successfully carried through the narrow passage, clear of the surf that writhed and lashed on either side, and we were enabled to land.

Having secured the boat, warned the men about straying too far away and eating any of the berries or fruit that they might find, I started up the gulch for the top of the island, accompanied by the midshipman and a man to carry the instruments. I got a fine set of sights, sent the man back to the boat, and then took a stroll about the plateau-like top. It was only about a mile in circumference, and covered with a thin coating of soil that supported a rank tropical growth. As soon as I could I examined the character of the island: as veritable a corpse as ever suffering friends followed to the grave. Once living an active, energetic life, it was now lifeless, an inert mass, an object of assault for wind, rain, and wave. The first blow of my hammer betrayed the dead coral, and subsequent investigation proved that Elizabeth or Henderson Island, lying in latitude 24° 21′ south and longitude 128° 19′ west, was simply a mass of coral, crowning doubtless some submarine mountain top, covered with a thin soil of disintegrated coral and vegetable mould, and planted by nature's great gardeners, the birds. We had experienced great difficulty in getting to the top; the vines, which choked the gulch up which we had clambered, were so thickly interlaced as to cover up the holes and render passage dangerous, so I decided to confine my exploration to the top, and not venture down any of the other sides, particularly as the cliffs were considerably undermined and threatened to fall at any moment. A few pandanus-trees were scattered here and there, thick grass, a net-work of vines, bright flowers, berries, and blossoms were underfoot. I collected a few specimens, and was about to return to the boat, when my attention was arrested by the blackened ends of a log or stick that projected above the thick brush. It was sufficiently conspicuous to excite my interest, and I walked over and examined it. Calling to some of my men, I had them tear aside the vines, and then I discovered evidences of the work of human hands, for it was blocked in position by pieces of coral. Further, on careful examination, I saw that it had been carved with English letters over its entire end. Exposure had nearly obliterated them, but enough remained for me to decipher the following: "Ro . . . . ley sole su . . . . . . of t . . . . r . ue A . . . ta . . . ves . . is re . . . . . . ook un . . . . . one . ix pa . . s d . . n . . th."

Nothing further could be made out, and I felt sure from the general appearance of the rest of the log, which was probably a capstan bar, that the substance of the message, disconnected as it was, lay in the above cipher. I puzzled over it a long time. All hands lent their intelligence to the work, and we finally decided that the latter part at least was "Look under stone six paces due north." Sending for the boat compass I placed it in the centre of the spot, and with anxious step paced off the distance. The men soon cleared a space of several feet in diameter. Almost in the exact spot where my footsteps landed me I found a flat piece of coral, evidently shaped by man, and beneath it, in a hole carefully lined with coral, I found a small tin tobacco case. Opening this, I produced a dingy roll of paper, its edges ragged and torn, the body wellnigh destroyed by rust and moisture. I saw at a glance that the most careful handling would be necessary in unrolling it, and as there was a slight breeze blowing over the top of the island, I decided to take it off to the ship and examine it there. Assuring myself that no further evidences of the mystery were to be found, I returned on board ship. Repairing to the cabin I reported my discovery and displayed the box, asking the captain to appoint some officers to examine the writing and report upon it. He ordered another officer and myself as a board to examine the roll, using the utmost caution in handling it. We had a thin paste made, provided ourselves with note-paper, and as each layer was carefully unwound from the roll it was transferred to a stiff sheet of paper, over which we had first spread a thin coating of paste. Great delicacy was necessary, the sheets had little more consistency than burnt paper, but after an hour's patient labor we were rewarded by seeing all the contents of the roll safely transferred and ready for deciphering. Traces of writing were discernible, but they were so obscured by the blackened surface of the paper—sheets, by-the-way, from some pocket diary or memorandum-book—that it was only by the aid of a magnifying-glass that we were able to read them at all. Each of us read separately, and after examining together some disputed words, we produced the accompanying story:

"I am Robert Harley, master and sole survivor of the bark *Acasta*, from Sag Harbor, knocked down by a white squall near this island. Charles Bennett and myself drifted ashore on some gratings and capstan bars. He died from exhaustion in the surf. I remain long enough to write this record, which the grace of God permits me to do. I shall die very soon—by the side of Bennett if my strength permits me—but I want before I die to implore the good people who find this record to take it to Miss Gardner, and tell her that I still love her and her alone, and that her name will be on my lips when death comes to me on this desert island. I hope to meet and wed her in heaven."

There was no date and no further information to be gathered. The letter had evidently been written in pencil, and was in a plain hand, large letters, well spelled, and carefully adjusted to the limited amount of paper. There seemed to be nothing to do except to preserve the letter. Its evident age precluded any possibility of the writer being still alive, so, with the permission of the captain, I took personal charge of it, and laid it away among my papers.

I returned from this trip in April, 1881, and wrote at once to the Collector at Sag Harbor, relating my experience, and asking him for any light that he could throw on the subject. He replied to the effect that the bark *Acasta* had sailed from Sag Harbor in 1849 in command of one Robert Harley. There was no record of her crew to be found, and the vessel had never been heard of since. The name Gardner was a very common one in that locality, and inquiries in several directions failed to elicit any information of the one mentioned in the record. He begged that I would preserve it for their Historical Society, and he assured me that the village authorities would bear the mystery in mind and try to unravel it.

II.

The winter of 1882 found me again in San Francisco, awaiting the fitting out of the *Jamestown* for a voyage around Cape Horn to Newport, Rhode Island. Great difficulty had been experienced in securing servants for the officers' messes; Europeans and Americans scorned our offers of $15 50 per month, while Chinamen were unwilling to take the voyage to New York without a guarantee that they would be sent back to 'Frisco again. The case was growing desperate. I, as caterer of my mess, had exhausted all the employment offices, and had descended from the level of respectable means to enter into an arrangement with a couple of murderous-looking shanghaiers, who, on consideration of $100, had promised to deliver to me sixteen able-bodied Chinamen, who, they assured me, "would be only *too happy* to enlist." I was to meet the conspirators in a saloon at the foot of —— Street—a locality that boded little good for their characters. It was with some misgivings for my own personal safety that I agreed to the rendezvous, but there seemed to be no other way of securing these necessary adjuncts to one's comfort at sea. Before starting out, however, I secured the services of a private detective, who was to station himself near the door after I had entered, and be ready to respond to any call; and with pistol in pocket, I repaired to the neighborhood. The place fit the deed. There was an air of squalor and wretchedness about it that smelt of crime, and my heart shook within me as I sniffed it. I was considerably ahead of time, but I thought I would take a look at the place, at any rate. It proved to be a corner groggery near the bay, and surrounded by all the evidences of a seafaring population. There was a curious hitching-post on the corner, and an uncouth villanous-looking individual was leaning against it, smoking a black, short-stemmed clay pipe. He raised his head at my inquiry as to whether this was No. ——, and snarled out, "Can't ye see?" then softened a trifle as he asked, "Be you the young feller what's to meet my chums here this afternoon?" On my replying that I was to meet Messrs. —— and ——, he said, "Well, you're on time, sure enough"; and then relapsed into his position of evil soliloquy.

I was at a loss for something to say, but in casting about for some subject of remark I hit upon the curious hitching-post as a topic, and remarked: "That's a very curious post, is it not? It looks like a figure-head of some ship."

"And what might you be knowin' about figger-heads?" he quickly retorted.

"Oh, nothing much," I answered, "but being a seafaring man myself, its shape suggested the idea to me. Do you know anything about it?" I cautiously asked.

He took his pipe slowly from his mouth, glanced at me curiously from head to foot, and then inquired, with a touch of fierceness in his tone,

"What do you want to know for?"

There was a strange mixture of fear and cunning about his bearing that seemed to be roused by my question.

"No reason in particular," I said; "only it is odd that an old ship's figure-head should come to be a hitching-post."

This reply seemed to satisfy him, for he resumed his pipe and careless attitude. He puffed away slowly for several minutes. That something was working away in his mind was evident. The smoke rolled out in thick bluish clouds and coiled about his head, intensifying the devilish expression of his face. At last he paused.

"You're right," he said; "it was a figger-head, and of as neat a little bark as ever dipped in brine. I come to 'Frisco in her thirty-two year ago."

"Did you indeed?" I exclaimed. "And what was the bark's name?"

Again he paused to scrutinize me. There was a suspicion in his look that I could not understand. His eye met mine with a restless, uneasy glance. He seemed inspired by dread of some object behind my course of questions; but then, with an impatient gesture, as if throwing it aside, and a careless laugh at his own fears, he replied:

"The *Acasta* was her name, and— Hello! here comes Bill and Jim. Step in, young feller, and we'll settle this business."

Before I could recover from the astonishment that the name produced, the two men joined us, and I followed them into the saloon, receiving as I entered the door a nod from the detective, who had been a witness from across the way.

As we entered I heard a tremendous racket in an adjoining room. There were unintelligible yells, preceded by loud hammerings on the door.

"We've got 'em, blast 'em," said one of my villanous friends, with a significant leer and jerk of his thumb toward the room from whence the noise proceeded.

"Got what?" I innocently inquired.

"What?" he replied, in coarse jocularity. "Why, them Chinee what you wanted. Eighteen of 'em, and all dyin' to go. Don't you hear 'em?" and the rascal grinned at his own humor.

"Well," said our host, "let's get to business. Have you got your money with you, young feller?"

"I have, but—"

"Well, hand it over," he gruffly interrupted.

"I will when you put the men on board the Vallejo steamer," I quickly but firmly replied.

What inspired me to revive the subject of the figure-head I know not. Perhaps it was a feeling that the taunt might strengthen my nerve for the encounter which I felt sure was to follow. The attitude that the three men assumed when I showed a determination to be treated fairly in the matter was a murderous one. That the whole thing was a trap, I saw at once. That no servants had been secured, and that the commotion in the next room was the work of confederates, to lead me to believe that the Chinamen had really been corralled, flashed across me in an instant. I might have made a dive for the door, have given some signal that would have called in the detective, and thus escaped, but one of those impulses that come to us at times and bid us do the most foolish things took possession of me, and with the effrontery of a madman I remarked: "You said the name of the bark was the *Acasta*, I believe, my friend? Perhaps, then, you knew Robert Harley and Charles Bennett and Miss Gardner?"

I remember hearing one of the men say, as all three rose: "By God! I thought so. He's on to us. I knowed it would come;" and then everything swam before me, and I only awoke when in my room at the Occidental. Anxious friends were standing about. They told me of the events that transpired after my injudicious remark—that I had been knocked senseless with a blow from the fist of one of the ruffians, and would undoubtedly have been murdered had the detective not entered at the noise of the scuffle. Indeed, the man with whom I had talked about the figure-head seemed determined to kill me, and the detective had to put a ball into him before he would give over his murderous design. All three were now in custody, and the police were delighted, for they had long been the terror of Chinatown. I recovered quickly, and that night was about to join a theatre party, when a hurried card from my friend the detective called me to the office.

"That fellow that I shot this afternoon is dying," he said, "and he wants to see you before he goes off. Can you come with me to see him a little while?"

"Certainly," I replied; "I'll go at once."

I excused myself from the party, and repaired with the detective to the City Hospital. The wounded man lay on a couch. The pallor of death had spread over his face.

"He is strong now and can talk well enough," the surgeon said; "but he is bleeding internally, and nothing can save him. We have told him that he had better make his peace with God before he dies. He says that he has something to confess to you, so we sent for you. Here's the gentleman you wished to see," he said, turning to the dying man. "Do you want any one present?"

"Yes," he replied; "I want the sky pilot, and no one else." So the Rev. Mr. —— and I were the hearers of the following remarkable story:

"Young feller," he said, in a voice that trembled with fear and excitement, "how you come to know anything about the bark *Acasta* I don't know, but I argues that you does, 'cause you spoke of Robert Harley, Charles Bennett, and Hadassah Gardner. Robert Harley war the master of the *Acasta*, and Charles Bennett war one of the crew. That's me. My name's Charles Bennett, and I killed Robert Harley. He loved Hadassah Gardner, and she loved him. I loved her too. Them war days when I was better than I am now; though not much, 'cause I killed Robert Harley. It come about in this way: It war in 1849 that the *Acasta* left Sag Harbor for whalin' in the Pacific. I knowed that Haddie and Robert war to be married when he got back, and I made up my mind that he never would come back. So I shipped as carpenter on his bark. I made myself solid with the crew. They all swore by me, but they had nothing agin the old man, and I couldn't get no cause to pick a row with him. We catched a few whales in the Atlantic, got around the Horn, and stood up for the islands with the southeast trades. It war somewhere about twenty-five degrees south latitude that we spoke a big American ship bound for 'Frisco. We boarded her, and learned of the diggin's in Californy, and how every one was bound for that country. When we got back to our ship I said to the boys, 'Let's ask the old man to go to Californy.' So we come aft in a body, and asks him to let the whales go, and to stand up for the land of fortune. He refused to do so, and ordered us forward. That night I worked up the crew to take the ship away from the old man, and offered to lead them. Enough agreed to do the work, so the next day we took the ship. I killed the old man with a windlass brake, and we dropped him out of the cabin window. Nobody saw me, and nobody asked no questions. The mates guv in, and all hands was glad that we was goin' to the land of gold. We ran across an island, and I got up a plan to fool anybody what happened to land there. I got the mate to write a letter sayin' as how he war Robert Harley, sole survivor of the bark *Acasta*, what was knocked down by a squall and all hands lost, and as how he loved Miss Gardner, and a lot of other stuff, and then I cuts a notice on a capstan bar to look under a stone, and I put the paper in a tobacco-box under it. Then the mate steered us for 'Frisco. We got there all safe, and the first night in the bay everybody but me and my two chums—the same what you seed this afternoon—jumped the ship and put for the diggin's. A strong nor'easter come up and the cable parted, and we went ashore. The old *Acasta* piled up high and dry, and I made a hotel outen her, and made a heap of money, but somehow I couldn't keep it. I was allus a-hearin' poor Haddie calling for Robert, and went and got drunk to keep from a-hearin' of her, and now that I am a dyin' man I swears that my life has been one etarnal punishment, and I thinks I ought to be let up on when I dies. I didn't do no more than what any man would ha' done when he war kept from his rights. Gold's better nor whales any day, and—" A sudden pang brought him to a stop. His face grew ghastly white. Some sudden rupture had hastened the fatal tide, and life was fast ebbing away.

"Have you any letters or papers of Robert Harley?" I asked.

"Yes; one letter for Haddie. God 'll forgive me my sins if I do her right at last; won't He, parson? It's in my chest at the tavern. Take it to her, and say that—that—" He hesitated to express his mind, then began with an earnestness that bespoke his last efforts: "My chums didn't have nothing to do with the killin' of Robert Harley. Let up on them." The words came in faint whispers. His face settled down to a look of calm satisfaction: he had been loyal to his chums.

I revisited the tavern with the proper police officers. On overhauling his chest we came across a dingy letter addressed to Miss Hadassah Gardner, Southampton, Long Island. It proved to be the journal-letter of Robert Harley to his sweetheart. He had written a few lines daily; but its delivery was sadly delayed. Inquiry elicited the fact that the bark had gone ashore as Bennett had related, and that the city had filled in and built about it, leaving only the figure-head to mark its grave. No one knew anything further about her history, for events of the kind were only too common in the exciting days of '49.

I wrote to the Historical Society of Sag Harbor, asking them to renew their search for one Hadassah Gardner, of Southampton, saying that I had important documents for her—a letter from Robert Harley.

We were 112 days from the Golden Gate to Narragansett Bay, and when the mail came on board at Newport it brought me a letter from Sag Harbor, saying that Hadassah Gardner had been found—an old lady, very feeble, living entirely on the memory of her absent lover—and that she had died shortly after learning of the letter that never came.

C. H. Harlow, U.S.N.

RUE.

She planted in her garden bed
The quaintest blossoms, gold and red;
And then she planted rue.
So every year the little maid
Among her nodding neighbors played,
And passing fair she grew.

Ah! that was very long ago:
The fashions change in flowers, you know,
As well as frocks, and fret
Us till we hide them far apart:
So 'tis not strange that in her *heart*
She's planted rue—regret.

THE LITERARY ACTIVITY OF LEADING NATIONS.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE H. SCHODDE.

The comparative statistics of the literary productions of the principal peoples on the globe present some curious and instructive data. In more than one way they throw a strange light on the mental trend and national individuality of a people. Looked at in the proper way such statistics are anything else than dry figures; they are valuable aids and adjuncts for the study of a nation's character and history.

The most noteworthy feature in this regard is the extraordinary amount of literary work done by the Germans. The publications of Germany alone exceed in number those of England, America, and France combined. The German publications for 1888 are officially reported to have been exactly 17,000, over against 15,972 for 1887. During the same twelve months England's presses sent out 6591 works, although the year before the number had been only 5686. America in 1888 published 4631 books, over against 4437 in 1887, and 4676 in 1886. The French statistics for 1888 are not yet accessible, but according to the *littérateur* Ernst Bark, that country in 1887 issued 3380 volumes. It is a fair estimate to say that the average annual book publications of France are about four thousand. The statistics for Italy are officially reported at 10,863 separate works for 1888, which is 298 less than the year before. This rather remarkably good showing for the fair peninsula can be properly estimated only when we remember that the list includes also all new editions, republications of magazine articles, and the like. But even then it must be said that Italy is showing a remarkable literary activity—a fact which stands in close connection with the other fact, that the university attendance in Italy is 15,000 and more, or proportionally twice what it is in England and America, and almost up to that of Germany. Since the establishment of the Italian Kingdom in 1870 a strong literary and educational zeal has been developed there.

The why and wherefore of the remarkable leadership of Germany in the literary work of the nations find their explanation in the character and ideals of the people. Nowhere on the globe is so high an estimate put upon a literary career and literary success as is done in the father-land. It is not only one, but it is the leading, method of securing and maintaining public recognition and prominence. In this respect it has all the attractions for a German that the opportunities of a business career have for the American. A German's ambition to write a book is as pronounced a characteristic in his mental make-up as is an American's ambition to make money a prominent trait in his character. Nowhere is this fact more noticeable than in the close connection existing between educational and literary work in Germany. In any of the grades of schools above the elementary, no person who has not by a publication of his own proved that he is able to make independent research can expect a position, or to ask for promotion, unless new and further publications show that he has claims in this direction. Of the 2230 professors and instructors in the twenty-one German universities, there is not one who is not an author, and many of them are such a dozen or a score times over. A professional man who is not "productive" is regarded as behind the age, and as an unfit leader in the research of his department. And to be this is the aim of a German scholar and teacher above everything else. The esteem in which a university teacher is held by the government and by the public is not at all based upon his ability to instruct and impart what he knows, but upon his success in developing new lines of thought, and showing his hearers how to do this. That the pursuit of such aims must be a great stimulus to the literary productiveness of a people is self-evident.

Another cause co-operating to the same end is this, that the Germans are the greatest book-buying people on the earth. This is not because of their wealth, for in comparison with England, France, and America, Germany is a poor country. But the Teutons are willing to forego many things which others deem necessary to their comfort in order to have a good library. There are but few educated Germans who have not a comparatively complete library in this or that department in which they are especially interested. The English are not book-buyers, and the prevalence of circulation libraries in the British Isles explains both the smallness and fewness of editions and the great prices asked. In the last regard the Germans have of late shown a strong tendency of imitating their neighbors across the Channel, but they still adhere to their old custom of setting up anew every new edition of a book, improving and correcting it down to the date of publication. A stereotyped book is a rare exception on the German book market outside of the field of popular fiction.

As contrasted with American works, the literature of European lands shows a stronger predominance of works of a more solid character. Fiction, indeed, headed the list in England, as it did in America, in 1888; in the former case being represented by 929 works, and in the latter by 808. But then England published as second on her list 749 theological works, while America had only 339. By a strange contrast, America leads England heavily in legal works, having issued 329, to 115 in England. But in other cases England is considerably in advance of America in the heavier lines, so that, as a farther example, England's list of educational works was 690, while that of America was only 306. The contrast is still more marked when we come to Germany. There, in the land of scholars and scholarship, educational works stand head and shoulders above all the rest, being almost two thousand in number, not including non-German works, such as Latin and Greek authors, used in the gymnasia and universities. Theology is represented by 1623 numbers, the legal department by 1490, the medical by 1108, belles-lettres by 1423. Even in Italy the same features are noticeable, theological and religious works having appeared in 1888 to a number exceeding a thousand; educational works to about eleven hundred.

A singular phenomenon in connection with these literary data is the fact that no other nation has been able to produce such thoroughly popular magazines and periodicals of a high literary character as America has been doing. The tendencies of European literary work are considerably more technical and inclined toward specialism than is the case in America. The historic class distinctions and feelings in the traditional soil of the Old World have seemingly prevented the development of a periodic literature that is genuinely popular in character. In this regard the youngest among the nations is the greatest and the teacher of all. Whether the fact that America is the greatest magazine and paper producing and reading country under the sun tends to produce a superficiality of thought, as is frequently charged, is an altogether different question. But the close connection between the rapid development and flourishing condition of this species of literature and the history of the formation of the American nation and character is not difficult to trace. The latter furnished the natural conditions for the production of the former.

PHYSICIAN AND FRIEND.

Sometime I would have scorned the cup he brings,
Revolting from the draught, but when he flings
The challenge of his smile across the rim,
With answering smile I turn and drink to him.
Bitter or sweet, I dare it to the lees.
It is my own; I take it, pain or peace,
Unfaltering, and glad with gratitude to him
Whose friendly smile has crossed it, rim to rim.

Written of the late Dr. F. W. Rockwell, in Brooklyn, January, 1886.

TITLED CANADIAN PIONEERS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

There is a very remarkable bit of this continent just north of our Territory of Dakota, in what the Canadians call Assiniboia, one of the Northwest provinces. Here the prairie reaches away in an almost unbroken plane, like a brown ocean of grass. Here are some wonderful and some very peculiar phases of immigration and of human endeavor. Here is Major Bell's farm of nearly one hundred square miles, famous as the Bell Farm. Here Lady Cathcart, of England, has mercifully established a colony of crofters, rescued from poverty and oppression. Here Count Esterhazy has been experimenting with a large number of Hungarians, who form a colony that would do better if those foreigners were not all together, with only each other to imitate—and to commiserate. But stranger than all these, here is a little band of distinguished Europeans, partly noble and partly scholarly, gathered together in as lonely a spot as can be found short of the Rockies, or the far Northern regions of this continent. These gentlemen are Dr. Rudolph Meyer, of Berlin, the Comte de Cazes and the Comte de Raffignac of France, and M. Le Bidau de St.-Mars, of that country also. They form in all probability the most distinguished and aristocratic little band of immigrants and farmers in the New World.

Seventeen hundred miles from Montreal, in a vast prairie where settlers every year go mad from loneliness, these polished Europeans till the soil, strive for prizes at the provincial fairs, fish, hunt, read the current literature of two continents, and are happy. The soil in that region is so black that the roads and the buffalo trails look like ink lines on brown paper. The vast territory of which this is a part is considered the best wheat section in the world. It takes in part of Manitoba, Assiniboia, and Dakota, and is a tract five hundred miles long by two hundred and fifty miles in width. Well-diggers have pierced the earth to a depth of three hundred feet in places before they have come to the bottom of this opulent layer of black soil. The Canadian Pacific Railway crosses this belt, with stops about five miles apart—some mere stations and some small settlements. Here the best houses are little frame dwellings; but very many of the settlers live in shanties made of sods, with such thick walls and tight roofs, all of sod, that the awful winters, when the mercury falls to fifty degrees below zero, are endured better in them than in the more costly frame dwellings.

I stopped off the cars at Whitewood, picking that four-year-old village out at hap-hazard as a